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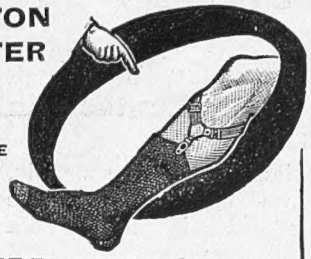

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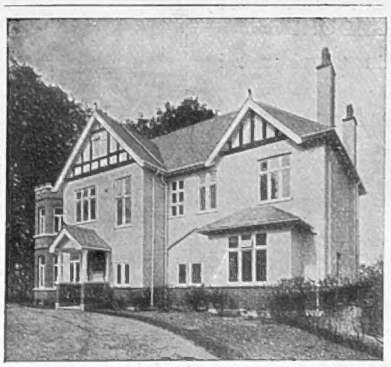

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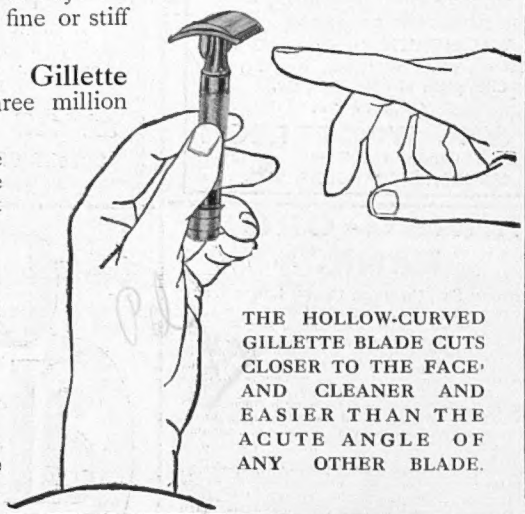

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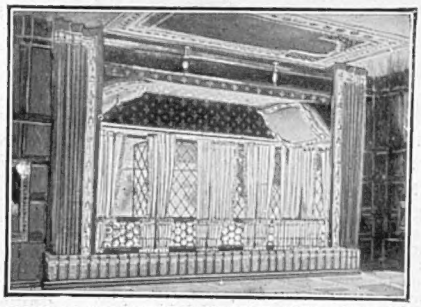

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No. 326.—Vol. XXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 2, 1910 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE VISCOUNTESS TIVERTON

(Née Miss Esmé Wallace) is the beautiful wife of the Earl of Halsbury's son and heir. Her husband is a barrister, a famous oarsman, and sometime playwright

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RACING NOTIONS. BY CARBINE.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed the MSS. will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made for all accepted matter. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. All Short Stories submitted should be accompanied by a brief *resumé* of the plot. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 2860 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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MY THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA. By Sir Edmund E. Cox. (Mills and Boon: 8s. net.)

A LEGACY OF THE GRANITE HILLS. By B. Mitford. (Long: 6s.)

MISS STRANGEWAYS. By Alice Diehl. (Long: 6s.)

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DON Q'S LOVE STORY. By K. and H. Prichard. (Greening: 6s.)

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By A. Blackwood. (Macmillan: 6s.)

WHAT'S FOR DINNER? By Jessie Burrows. (Cornish: 3s. 6d. net.)

LIBERALISM AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM. By Winston Churchill. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d. net.)

EUROPE'S OPTICAL ILLUSION. By Norman Angell. (Simpkin, Marshall: 2s. 6d.)

THE GREAT ENGLISH MASTERS. By Fritz Stahl. (Fisher Unwin: 5s. net.)

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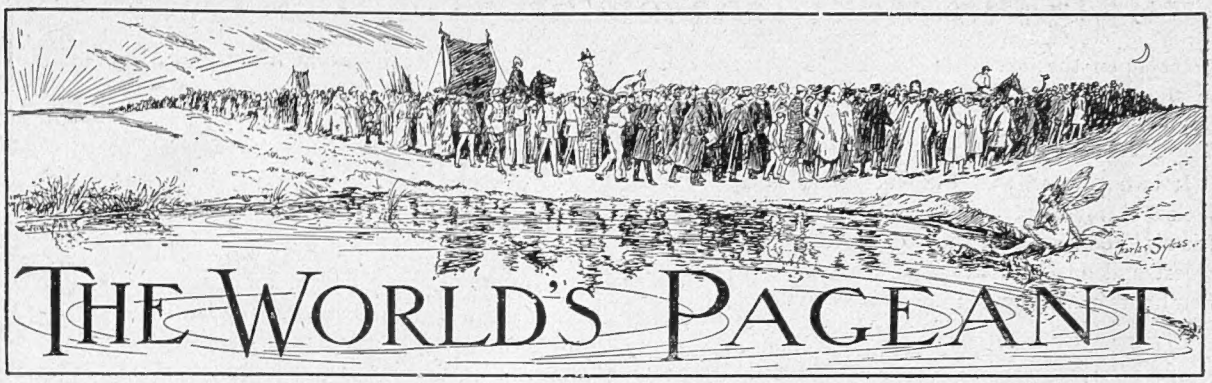


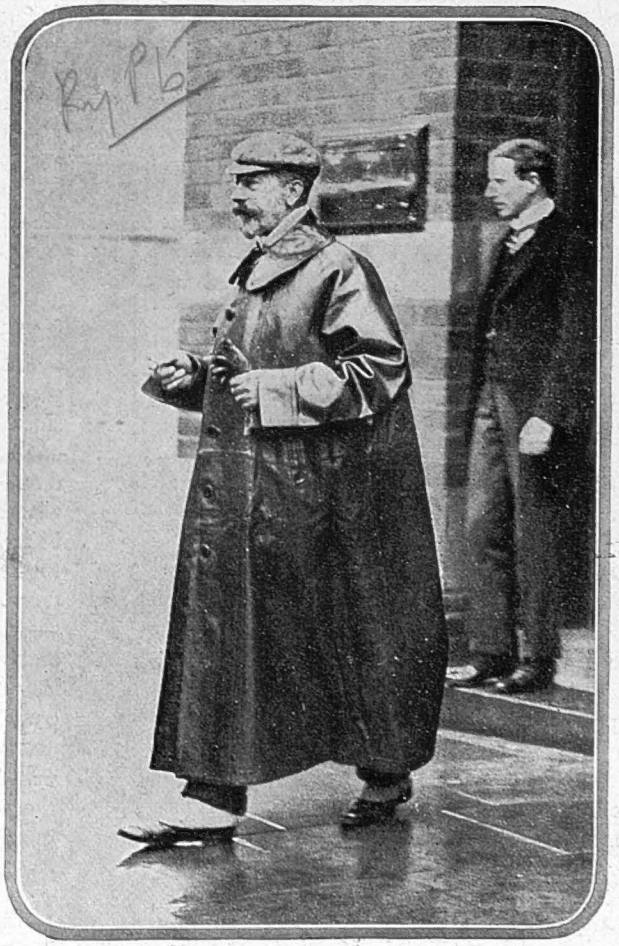
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Social Round

WHATEVER it has done or left undone politically, London has not done so badly socially during the last few weeks. One idea, and one alone, pervades the world. It is to squeeze with all celerity the skin of pleasure lest a General Election is soon upon us once again. The presence of the Court in London supplies, somehow or other, a fillip to the life of the Metropolis. Two Courts and a Lévee keep Mayfair alive, and for the many débutantes, as well as, incidentally, for their sisters, cousins, and aunts, entertainments large and small, but mostly small, have progressed for some weeks past, while, at the theatres, conversations from Shaw, tracts from Galsworthy, and shrieks from Strauss, are doing their level best to keep things going.

The Faithful Labs

Despite the fact that there has been gloom and depression in the House of Commons all the past week, which was only slightly relieved by the Labs refusing at the last moment to leave the Libs, social London has considerably bucked up, and we have had all sorts of joys and junketings. Mrs. Meyer Sassoon's dance was quite a success, and many of the smartest folk in London were present, bringing their tiaras and daughters with them. One of the successes of the evening was the supper. All the pretty girls in London, or nearly all, were there, and as for the dancing young men, they were as plentiful as corn in Egypt. This was a refreshing state of affairs, and promises well for the rest of the season.



Visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to Coventry to Inspect the Daimler Company's Motor Works

H.I.H. is one of the keenest automobilists in the Fatherland. He twice drove his own cars in the Herkomer Trophy touring contests, and on the collapse of these exacting competitions founded the race for the Prince Henry Cup

Another Sartorial Ecstasy

The opening of Parliament is never a very jocund affair, but the streets were crowded with folk bent on seeing the King and Queen pass by in their best carriage, drawn by so-called cream ponies, which, by the way, are rapidly becoming a dirty khaki colour. There were a few State coaches to enthuse over, chiefly belonging to the Corps Diplomatique and the second Duke and Duchess in the land, their Graces of Somerset to wit, but the generality of those attending the Gilded Chamber dashed up in motor-cars, though there were a few smartly turned-out horse-drawn vehicles to be seen. Taxi-cabs passed by in their hundreds, and several Dukes appeared on foot. Mr. John Burns walked to the House in a costume that would have caused the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* acute suffering. He chose a black morning coat—with tails, I mean — dark pepper-and-salt trousers, and—Horror upon horror! Elektra and Klytemnestra combined!—a bowler hat! Shaw says in his latest play that democracy reads better than it acts—like some people's plays. It certainly acts better than it dresses.

Glow and Glitter

At the opening of Parliament the Queen, as usual, was in black, but so thickly sewn with jewelled embroideries were her filmy dark draperies that they proved hardly more than a background for the myriad lights and colours that flashed from her jewels, the loosely hung Cullinan stone especially emitting wonderful lights, in which pale lavender and green seemed to predominate. Some of the gowns *de luxe* at the Court last Friday produced the same

Mud-to-Mud: Discomfort with the Quorn

effect upon the spectator as did the Fairy Queen in the pantomime in the days of our youth!

The Queen and Lady Ripon

It is not often that the Queen, for all her love of little "outings," pays private and impromptu calls on friends in London. But Lady Ripon, one of Her Majesty's oldest and dearest friends, had hardly been twenty-four hours in her new-old house in North Street, Westminster, before Queen Alexandra came to call upon

Viscount Castlereagh Unsaddling After Winning the First Race

her, stayed to tea, and inspected the new domain from cellar to attic. The Queen has, in common with Lady Ripon, at least one taste—that for music.

"Elektra": Wanted, an "Entr'acte"

As a fervent admirer of *Elektra*, which grows on one most decidedly with successive hearing, I should like to see done to it the one thing which would insure it a regular place in the Covent Garden bill—the division of the opera into two acts. It is a short work; but the demand made on the hearer, and more particularly on the unfortunate prima donna, of even two hours of continuous Strauss is terrible. The former would like a stretch of the legs, a glance round, and, perhaps, a puff of a cigarette somewhere shortly after—say—the exit of Klytemnestra. The difficulty I appreciate well enough. To break the opera into two acts would impose on the composer the exacting task of bringing his music to a cadence in some one particular key. To ask him to sit down and pen four common chords is to ask Strauss for the moon. But if unwilling himself, mightn't he let Mr. Beecham do it? We should all be so very glad. An *entr'acte* is the one thing needful to make *Elektra* a regular and welcome spring visitor. Her music, if infernally advanced, is devilishly beautiful.

A Mud-Lark Party

The point-to-point meeting of the Quorn Hunt and Household Brigade that took place at Little Belvoir, near Melton Mowbray, on Thursday rapidly resolved itself into a mud-lark party. The ground reminded one of the banks of the Thames near Westminster Bridge at dead-low water—the spot where in former days urchins used to assemble and struggle for pennies thrown in the black slime, the usual deposit of the Thames. To add to the misery of the meeting it rained in torrents until nearly three o'clock. Then, great guns, it was bitterly cold! The only bright spot on the scene was the marquee, in which Captain and Mrs. Forrester entertained their friends at luncheon and tea.

Captain and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp Negotiating the Mud in the Gateway

THE QUORN HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES
Which, in conjunction with the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, were held at Little Belvoir on Feb. 24

Sir Frederick and Lady Fowke (recently married) at the Quorn Point-to-Point Races

Sensible if Sensational

The quaintest clothes were worn by the ladies present, and the display of Jaeger stockings—a considerable display, too—worn by one lady was the sensation of the day. Extraordinary scenes were witnessed, frantic endeavours being made by all and sundry to keep their feet in the ankle-deep mud. One poor fellow skidded, fell with a dull thud, and his hands were covered in clay to the wrists. The company present included the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who came with Lady Lonsdale from Barley-thorpe, and who were not entertaining Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia at luncheon, as nearly all the dailies stated, Lord and Lady Galway, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Miss Florence Chaplin,

Four Unionist Gains

OR, IN OTHER WORDS, FAIR ENTRANTS, ACTUAL AND PROSPECTIVE, INTO THE STATE OF MATRIMONY

Photograph Rita Martin

Mrs. G. B. Bosanquet
(*Née* Miss Flora Macdonald Lindsay Stewart) who was married to Lieut. G. B. Bosanquet, Glouc. R., on Feb. 23

Miss Eleanor Alexander
Whose engagement to the elder son of Ex-President Roosevelt has just been announced

Miss Evelyn Butler
Elder daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Butler, engaged to the Hon. Rupert Drummond, R.N.

Photograph Val L'Estrange

Lady Kathleen Clements
Sister of the present Earl of Leitrim, who marries Lieut. Granville K. F. Smith, Coldstream Guards, to-day

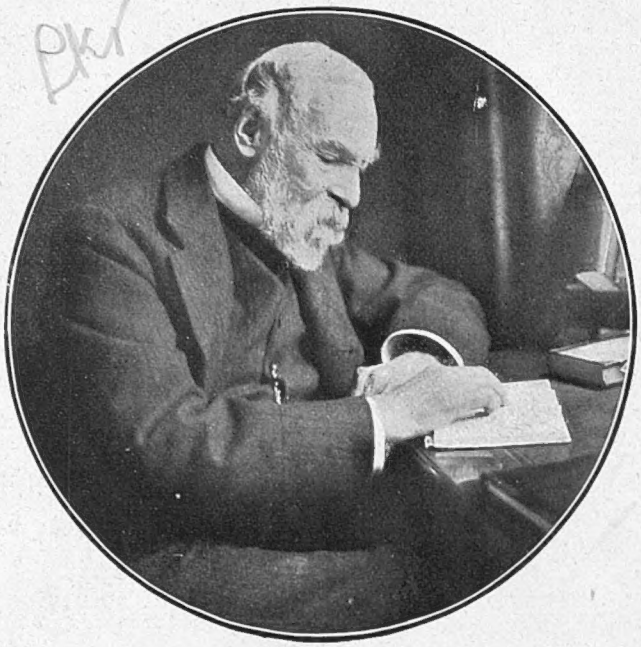
Photograph Keturah Collings

A Nonagenarian and Some Novices

Lord and Lady Robert Manners, Lady Violet Manners, and others equally well known.

The Night Before—

The art of criticism is surely moribund. Where, in the sphere of drama, music, or literature to-day, is the critic whose opinion is really valued? It is no exaggeration to say that to-day's critics "don't matter." Their views are too jejune, generally paltry, and almost invariably biased. I am moved to these reflections by my experience at the first night of Mr. Shaw's *Misalliance* at the Repertory Theatre. I sat amid a knot of critics. One of them certainly never smiled. (They say he never does.) But without exception the remainder chuckled gleefully from the first line to the last. They roared, they held their sides, they wiped the tears of merriment from their eyes.



Photograph] Sir John Tenniel [*Haines*

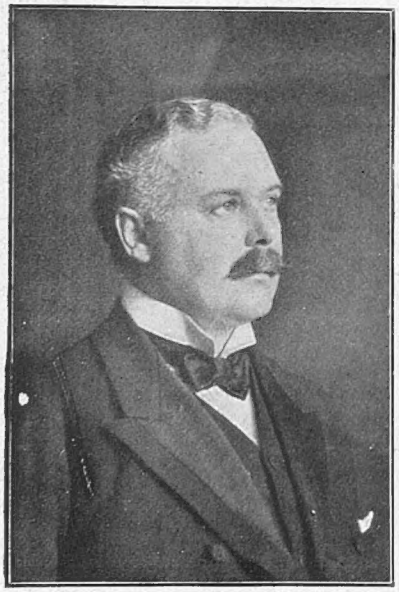
The famous *Punch* cartoonist, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday last Monday. It is not too much to say that a Tenniel cartoon had often greater influence than a Cabinet Minister's speech

—And the Morning After!

And what was their verdict? Almost without exception these young gentlemen, who left the theatre limp from too much laughter, declared in their respective organs that they were bored! Jokes that Mr. Shaw had cracked against himself in the play were repeated and emphasised as the only proper verdict on the performance. For some strange reason it is not the "thing" in the hectic set to admire Shaw. You may laugh, but you must not admit that you laughed. Speaking as one who has no pretensions whatever to the rôle of critic, but merely as a playgoer, I should describe the last act of *Misalliance* as the most brilliant piece of true comedy seen on the English stage in our generation.

All Up with the Lib-Labs

The position of Mr. Asquith resembles rather gruesomely that of the youthful patient in Mr. Collier's "Sentence of Death," the doctor in the chair being Mr. John Redmond. Without being able to say exactly where or when the Government will fall, one knows that it is doomed. What is wrong with it is that there's nothing right with it. It has no policy, no power, no support. A chance wind from anywhere would blow it over, by which I mean that any old motion, or resolution, or amendment, moved by any buffoon, might turn it out. A snap division on the supply of nails for Army boots, on the shortage of plums in the Sunday puddings of His Majesty's fleet, might do it just as easily as a vote on Home Rule, the House of Lords, or Tariff Reform. Were Mr. Asquith less of a statesman, he would long ago have thrown up the sponge. But "it's dogged as does it" is his motto, and when it's all over we shall learn to value the Prime Minister's patriotism at its true worth.

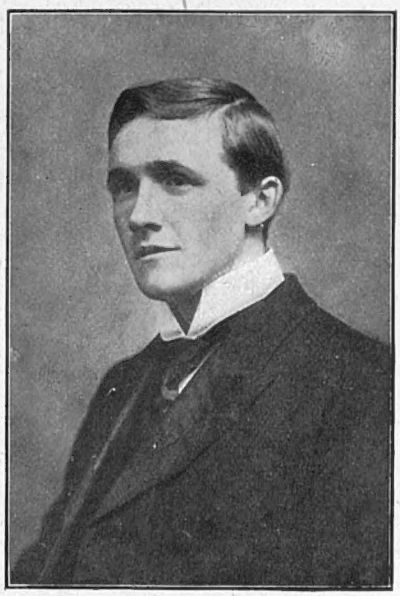


Photograph *Russell*

The Master of Elibank
Chief Liberal Whip

Photograph *Lafayette*

The Hon. Ivor Guest
New Paymaster-General



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Wedgwood Benn
New Junior Liberal Whip

"THEY MAY NOT LONG REMAIN"

Three of the Younger Members of a Government which is likely to die very, very young. At the moment, oxygen is being injected, but——

The Sicilians are again in our midst, as intensely exciting as ever, if not more so. They opened their season with the play that made such a sensation two years ago, "Feudalismo." There is the usual amount of savagery and a good deal of weeping in the piece. Cav. Grasso and his leading lady, Signorina Bragaglia, remind one of Cherubim and Seraphim, in that they continually do cry. In fact, by the end of the evening, Signorina Bragaglia had practically wept her features out of shape, and it was quite pleasant to see her recover them at the last as she answered the enthusiastic call from the house in which the plain and hearty British cheer was mingled with "bravas!" from the Sunny South, geographically located in the pit and gallery

BY NORMAN MORROW

DOWNWRITINGS

(The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondent)

BRITISH OPERA: A PLEA FOR ITS SUPPRESSION

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—Owing to the carelessness of the man who reads the papers for me, I went to the Opera last week on one of the wrong nights—the second performance of the new British opera. My boxholder (Lady Heckmondwike) went to the first... she is better now. The opera was done in British — composed, sung, and listened to in British. I use this adjective advisedly. An Englishman myself, I like to remember that we have other shoulders to share with us our graver responsibilities. Contemplating a British work of art, I like to think of the possible part in it of the canny Scot, the gallant little Welshman, and—who knows?—the kinsman in the Britains beyond the seas. As an Englishman, I do not in the least lament the possibility that my own part of the Union has contributed but little. I should be satisfied, of course, as a Tariff Reformer, if the score had been *printed* in England — but composed, no, heaven forbid! I like to think of *that* being done somewhere beyond the Tweed or the Severn, where they are so solid, so Radical, so unco' guid—so everything else but what they ought to be before daring to attempt to write grand opera.

Sir, I take up my pen to demand, in the sacred name of art, that you, with your world-wide circulation, your vast influence, will do your utmost to persuade, to cajole, or to coerce British composers into keeping their broad and sinewy hands off opera. They can't write it, we don't like it, and they shouldn't do it. Opera, sir, requires certain attributes, every one of which has been, by the will of the Creator, conspicuously withheld from the British race. We were given great virtues, and the power of their public exploitation; we were blessed with the ability to build great ships, to sink vast wells, to cause enormous dams. But in the last-named connection for heaven's sake let our triumphs be on the Nile and the Ganges, and not at Covent Garden.

Why cannot the British write opera? As well ask why a bullock cannot bray, a sheep crow, or a donkey warble. It isn't our kind of noise—that's all. In the primitive justice of the farmyard an animal which emits the wrong type of sound would be promptly put out of its own and other people's misery. In the European farmyard, Sir, John Bull, whenever he lets out a new opera, should be put out of his. If the Kaiser should decide to make the production of the next British opera in London his *casus belli* I shall respectfully acquiesce in what I shall regard an act of justice and philanthropy. I know perfectly well I shall be challenged to prove what I say. The hundreds of serious youths with long hair and flowing ties and soulful eyes who have done the Academy, or one of the Colleges, will demand, in the name of art, why it should be forbidden them, of all races, to produce that which has come in such vast and glorious quantities from France, from Italy, and from Germany. Why should there be no British *Carmen*, no British *Aïda*, no British *Lohengrin*? I ask the hon. gentlemen to apply for information in another place. I am not omniscient. I do not know why this particular grace has not been granted to them. All I know is that it hasn't. The British have been learning and practising music as long as other nations; they have produced songs, cantatas, comic operas, musical comedies, etc., in profusion; but, with all the opportunities, with an audience from the Sovereign and the Court downwards ready to listen and to applaud, they have not produced one work which can seriously be regarded as grand opera. There were, in the whiskered, crinolined, and pseudo-poetic mid-Victorian days, one or two attempts. There was a *Bohemian Girl* who had a mawkishly popular career of many years, and there were a few spirited tunes and jingles in *Maritana*, and one or two others. Later *Ivanhoe* was something nearly akin to the real thing, but Sullivan was half Irish and half Spanish.

It is no cause for national sorrow, this unfortunate defect of ours. After all, if it console us to reflect on it, opera is a very illogical and monstrously absurd form of art. Whichever way you look at it it is a gigantic unreality, whether it is a compendium of popular arias, choruses, dances, marches, strung together round a crude plot, as is the case with Italian opera, or an expression, at terrifying length, in declamatory passages of frantic complexity composed in all the colours of the orchestral rainbow, of the wild and implausible ideas of legendary divinities and heroes. This is no work for British hands to do. We are too good, Sir, to write good opera, which, to be good art, must be infernally bad morals. How could any self-respecting, rate-paying Englishman (and all Englishmen respect themselves and pay rates, in spirit if not in fact) conscientiously bring to bear the whole results of a lifetime's thumping and theorising in the expression of what one wholly wanton female said to one wholly wayward man? He might try, and try, and try to do it as foreigners do, but thoughts of the County Council would paralyse his pen at every luscious discord. Scruples would rise out of every crotchet, qualms from every quaver. It's the seriousness of the wickedness of grand opera which is the stumbling-block of the Briton. Frivolous wickedness —that is different. For portrayal of the irresponsibly unreal, we have a national genius. At *Miss Gibbses*, *Gaiety Girls*, and *Geishas*, we are inimitable; we can prattle opera as prettily as any of them. But we cannot speak it. Let us, therefore, at it for ever hold our peace.

DOWNWRITER.

Our Society Portraiture

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE HON. MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS

Who gave birth to a daughter on February 22 at 17, Grosvenor Place. She is a daughter of Sir George Russell, the fourth Baronet. Her husband is the second son of Viscount Iveagh

Who's Who and What's What on the Riviera

Monte Carlo Filling Up

The season has really begun at last, and the hotels are getting pleasantly near the "full up" stage. This is especially the case at Monte Carlo, where, by the time these lines are in print, there will be very few vacant rooms. At last, too, one begins to see a few familiar faces, and the play in the Rooms has been quite of the exciting order. A French doctor, who won £25,000 last season—and went away with it—has returned, and the latest news of him is that he has already won over £5,000. A lucky gambler, the other afternoon, staked all the rules would allow him on the last six numbers, and won no fewer than six times in succession—a very pretty *coup*.

M. Massenet

The famous composer, whose opera, *Don Quichotte*, was performed for the first time on Saturday, February 19, at Monte Carlo. Massenet is expected in London next season

An Artist's System

A well-known English artist who had extraordinary luck last season has returned. He employs a man to take the numbers for a couple of hours, then goes into the Rooms himself and backs those numbers that have appeared the most frequently. This sounds a dangerous "system," but it certainly proved most profitable last year. The celebrities seen about of late include Prince Miguel of Braganza and his bride (*née* Miss Anita Stewart), General Sir Arthur Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Joynson Hicks (whom Mr. Ian Malcolm has christened "Jicks"), Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein (who is staying with Lord and Lady Cheylesmore at Cannes), Mlle. Polaire (who has been dancing the Apache Dance at the Beaux Arts), Lady Portarlington, Mrs. S. B. Joel, and M. Rougier, the aviator.

A Daring Proposal

M. Rougier, by the way, is going to try to fly from Monaco Harbour round Cap Martin and back, but one wonders how he will get the necessary start. A number of aviators were to have made the attempt last year, and everyone declined owing to the difficulty of starting from the narrow quay of Monaco Harbour.

Nice Flying Week

Nice has at last published her aviation programme, the chief event of which will be a flight from Nice round Cap Ferrat and back, but one wonders who will attempt it. There will be the usual speed, distance, height, and duration contests, and we should see some good flying. One or two aviators have already brought their machines to Cannes, but the flights, so far, have been limited to a few yards. Cannes is very full now, and the golf links, which are in very fine condition, are proving a greater attraction than ever.

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer and his Secretary on the Place at Monte Carlo

Mr. Pulitzer is the millionaire proprietor of the *New York World*. Despite the infirmity connected with his sight, he still conducts this famous journal

"Lord Joé"

"Lord Joé Chamberlain, ancien premier ministre d'Angleterre," as a local daily proudly described the Member for West Birmingham, is installed at the Villa Victoria, and will probably stay until May. The Duchess of Albany is leaving just before Easter. She has been delighted with her stay in Cannes, the weather having been almost perfect throughout her visit. The Grand Duke and Duchess Cyril are back, and the former is to be seen most mornings at the Lawn Tennis Club, where he generally plays with Burke, the professional. Lord Rendel is expecting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone at the Château de Thorenc, which has become a sort of rest-cure for Radical politicians. Mr. Asquith, by the way, is to be on the Riviera again at Easter, but this time he will patronise Cap Martin.

Fun at the Café de Paris

The introduction by the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo, of night "attractions" in the shape of dancers, singers, souvenirs, etc., is not universally popular, and one restaurant in particular is most indignant at the competition. This is the Carlton, whose proprietor in years gone by enjoyed what was practically a monopoly of those "gay" suppers of which the Café de Paris is now making a special feature. But I fear that the proprietor's indignation will be in vain. The Café de Paris will certainly continue its programme.

Prince and Princess Miguel of Braganza (née Miss Anita Stewart) at Monte Carlo

The Prince's marriage to Miss Stewart in the Highlands was one of the chief events of last season

What We Have Escaped

"CHANTECLER" FASHIONS

Which, thank goodness, we are *not* likely to see in the Park this Spring!

BY LEWIS BAUMER

"Hullo, London!"

THE MERRY NEW REVUE AT THE EMPIRE

Miss Millie Legarde (centre) in the Rinking Song in Scene I.

The "Chantecler" Trio in Scene III.

Reading from left to right are Miss Maud Jay (Hen Pheasant), Miss Frances Kapstown (Guinea Fowl), and Mr. David Burnaby (Chantecler)

Photographs] The Great Rendezvous Waltz in Scene III. *[Foulsham and Banfield*

In which all the furniture joins, and even the pianist and his piano circle round the stage. The new Empire revue was produced last Saturday week, and proves to be a bright and merry affair, current topics being treated with good-humoured satire. In Scene I., which represents London West, Lyons's Corner House, Sandow's Institute, an Electric Theatre, and Julia's Bureau may all be seen. A good song is the topical duet, "Said Bodie to Cody"

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"JUSTICE"

AT THE
REPERTORY THEATRE
(DUKE OF YORK'S)

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN opened his repertory season on the 21st instant with a play by Mr. John Galsworthy, which is a really gorgeous nightmare. It is just a story of sordid crime and its commonplace punishment, but it is presented with such an extraordinary vividness that it ceases after a while to become a story at all. It is the thing itself. Mr Galsworthy does not moralise as he proceeds, nor does he offer any controversial opinions; he simply lets the facts speak—or, rather, shriek—for themselves, with the result that you feel a burning desire to hire the plinth of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square for the afternoon, or for as long as your throat lozenges hold out. We are taken from a lawyer's office to the court of assize, and then to the prison cells, till we recoil in something like horror from this unflinching cult of "the god of Things as They Are." Mr. Galsworthy may well call his play a "tragedy," for I vow that I never spent a more dismal evening in my life. I see no reason, however, to doubt the existence of the state of things that he has painted with such remorseless vigour, though I will admit that having so far eluded the vigilance of justice myself, I have not the inside knowledge, so to speak, of our prison system which would enable me to check off the author's facts and to find the same correct, as auditors say. But even those of us who are still outside gaol cannot help hearing from time to time rumours that our prison system is not so perfect as it might be; and it would seem that Mr. Galsworthy has put into concrete form the abstract points that have been raised a good deal of late by the experts—as to whether the real purpose of our punitive system is moral reform or merely blind revenge. I hope the play will have its due influence with the authorities, as it will be very pleasant to me to reflect that when I am due at Holloway I shall find my quarters fitted up with Turkey carpets and a footwarmer.

SKETCHED AT THE REPERTORY THEATRE

THE story is unromantic enough—it is told and retold almost every week in great mercantile cities. A penniless young clerk is in love with a young woman who is having a hard time of it, and his idea is that if they could get out to Canada they might be able to begin life afresh. Having no money of his own, he helps himself to some of his employer's, by the delicate process of forgery. From that moment he brings himself into the clutches of the law. He has started the wheels of the deaf and blind machine that grinds out justice with the terrible precision of the mills of the gods. There has not, I think, ever been so complete a presentation of a court of law seen upon the English stage as that which occupies the second act of this play. The staging is perfect, and the acting is so admirable that it does not strike you that you are in a theatre at all. You are actually in the assize

SKETCHED AT THE REPERTORY THEATRE

court, with the scarlet-robed judge, the counsel and their juniors, the restless clerks, the middle-class jury, and the young gentlemen of the Press who write funny paragraphs for the evening papers on the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. The acute realism of the scene is quite appalling. There is the defendant's plea of mental aberration—to be mercilessly disposed of by both prosecuting counsel and judge—and there is the summing-up in a quiet, conversational tone, together with the remark thrown in as if by way of an after-thought that the prisoner will go to penal servitude for three years. It was dreadful; but its inexorable truth to life was never for a moment to be doubted. Mr. Dion Boucicault, as the learned judge, had caught the judicial manner so well that he could hardly be said to have acted the part. He was the character he represented. The same may be said of Mr. Dennis Eadie's performance as the unhappy prisoner at the bar, a truly remarkable performance.

SKETCHED AT THE REPERTORY THEATRE

IN the third act the terrible machinery of the law goes grinding on. The prison governor seems a mild and humane man, but he is only a part of the relentless instrument of justice, one small wheel of the clumsy mechanism. He sees that prison life is gradually driving the young man insane, and he appeals to the prison doctor. But the doctor, too, is hide-bound. He admits that the treatment probably is not doing the young man any good, but there is no room on his stereotyped forms for recording mental anguish. The prisoner is not losing weight, his pulse is normal, and his heart is, at least, not breaking fast enough to convey any indication of the fact through the stethoscope. If this man is to be certified as unfit for confinement, most of the other prisoners must be included in the same category. Of course, the doctor is quite right; but the reflections provoked by the situation are none the less acute. Mr. Galsworthy would seem to be something of a Determinist, and as his implied argument, followed out to its logical conclusion, strikes at the ethical system of the modern world, it is obvious that this is no place to discuss it. But I feel sure that in a quiet corner of the club, with a man who had about five hours to spare, I could demonstrate the correctness of my view of the matter most satisfactorily—to myself. The last scene of the third act is quite staggering in its realism. We are shown the young prisoner in his cell, which he is pacing in a manner that reminds one most forcibly of the caged beasts at the Zoo. For sheer lack of mental occupation he traces the pattern on the wall with his finger, and looks out of a window through which nothing is to be seen; and then, hearing a refractory prisoner in the distance beating the door of his cell, the young man, seizing the chance for a moment's diversion, springs to his own door and follows suit with a mad delight. Not a word is spoken throughout this scene, which is one of the most terrible I remember to have witnessed, so profoundly impressive was Mr. Dennis Eadie's performance.

MR. GALSWORTHY has done his work thoroughly, with the infinite capacity for taking pains which is characteristic of genius. The play is hardly likely to be a popular one; but, then, Mr. Galsworthy has never written *ad captandum vulgus*. Besides, the question in debate is, for the present at least, best reserved for academic discussion. Those who have no opportunity of seeing the play (and it is an opportunity to be grasped at all costs) will doubtless be able to read Mr. Galsworthy's remarkable work in book-form later on. JINGLE.

Chelsea Arts Club Costume Ball

The Chelsea Arts Club Annual Costumes Ball will be held to-night (Wednesday) at the Royal Albert Hall. It will be the biggest dance ever held in London, about 4,000 people being expected, and fancy dress must be worn. Those anxious to go should apply immediately for tickets, which are one guinea each. Correspondence should be addressed to G. Sherwood Foster, Esq., Chelsea Arts Club, Church Street, Chelsea. Telephone: 2529 Western.

Lucky Little Damozel

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS GLADYS MASON

Who is at present playing in "The Little Damozel" at Wyndham's Theatre. Previously she appeared in "The Devil" under Mr. Courtneidge's management, and in "Bellamy the Magnificent" with Sir Charles Wyndham. Miss Mason has played before the King at Sandringham

Comet Comedies: Preparing for the Worst

NEWSPAPER EXTRACTS OF THE NEXT SIX MONTHS

[Some Experts Expect New Satellites to be Formed from the Tails.]

Much excitement was caused in astronomical circles about the middle of April by the statements of an elderly gentleman, who reported that on leaving his club at 3.30 a.m. after a convivial supper he was surprised to observe two moons in the sky instead of the customary number, both revolving at a very high rate of speed. The disturbance to gravitation resulted in a perceptible oscillation of the pavement, which actually threw him to the ground, and in his fall he was distinctly aware of a brilliant shower of stars.

Off the coast of Norfolk flashes of light of an alarming character were discovered by the coastguards, and, being supposed to be those of an invading army from Germany, the local Troops were turned out and shot each other down in large numbers. It was afterwards pointed out that invaders would hardly be likely to exhibit flashlights to the coast they were attacking, and the phenomena were found to be due to the combustion of small satellites thrown off by the tail of Halley's Comet. A very fine point was raised by students of Tariff problems as to whether iron and other metals should be permitted to be imported into the country in this way free of duty, statistics showing that this class of dumping inflicted great injury on the steel trade in Great Britain.

Weather Forecast—Some showers of minerals; sand at intervals.

[Another Theory is that the Liberation of Nitrogen may cause General Intoxication.]

Sensation was created in the House of Commons by Mr. Winston Churchill rising to make a personal explanation, and stating that he was the wisest, the strongest, and the most beneficent statesman in the world; but a still greater surprise was in store for the House later on, when, in the course of the debate on the Navy Estimates, Mr. McKenna mentioned casually that the Government proposed in the forthcoming year to lay down fifty new battleships of the super-*Neptune* type, with double crews and several dozen fifteen-inch guns each! Mr. Ure made a statement in accordance with facts; five hundred Radical Peers were created, and a fresh Budget was brought in amid loud cheers, confiscating all unearned increment of any kind and abolishing incomes over £500 a year.

By further legislation rates generally were raised to eighteen shillings in the pound, and as a token of their continued confidence the Socialist Union entertained the Prime Minister to a public banquet. All the daily papers announced circulations of over five millions, and challenged comparison with any others in the world. A new disease was discovered by the medical profession, the chief symptom of which was swollen head, and rapidly became an epidemic. Various persons charged with disorder at the police courts successfully pleaded exuberation caused by exhalations from the daylight comet. The German Emperor announced the annexation of the Netherlands, France, Belgium, Austria, and Italy, and prepared for an immediate invasion of England.

As was generally expected, however, a contrary effect was noticed. Persons habitually intoxicated were suddenly seized with unaccountable sobriety. Alf Muggins, charged with loitering in the Mile End Road, pleaded that this was the first time for years he had been discovered by the police in an erect position at that time of the evening. "He had," he said, in nervous Oxford English, "consumed his normal quantity of alcoholic refreshment, but so far from the effect being to render him unaccountable for his actions, he was newly and strangely accountable for them."

The non-appearance of Ann Tartloaf at the Limehouse Police Court yesterday morning gave rise to the suspicion that the veteran inebriate must have met with a mishap. The rumour that she was seen outside her lodging in a state of perfect sobriety, calmly commenting on the private affairs of her neighbours, met with little credence until a member of the staff of the Court referred to the comet. The magistrate was on the point of adjourning the Court in view of the likely absence of cases, when he was suddenly detained by the appearance, between two constables, of a voluble short gentleman, with a strong Welsh accent, describing himself as the Chanshller of the 'Schequer, who started to refer to the magistrate as an "obshlete relic of a dishcredited shishtem." "The tail," remarked the magistrate, wearily resuming his seat, "seems to have got into his head."

[Aerial Explosions are also Anticipated.]

A large meeting in the Albert Hall, addressed by Mr. Birrell, was broken up by a loud report outside. This was at first supposed to be a Suffragette disturbance, but fears were allayed when it was proved to be merely the bursting of a gigantic portion of Halley's Comet. These explosions caused considerable annoyance to balloons and airships, and aviation soon became dangerous. The London telephone system was suddenly plunged into working order, owing, it is said, to the sudden death of a large number of Exchange operators. Not only were connections of regular occurrence, but conversations were frequently conducted for brief intervals without interruption.

Weather Forecast — Warm; catastrophes at intervals.

Hill Rowan.

Quaint Old Superstitions: No. I

IT IS UNLUCKY TO MEET FOUR FOOTPADS IN A NARROW ENTRY AFTER THE 22ND JANUARY

BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE

Paris Hats of the Half-Season

FLOWERS BY THEIR CONSPICUOUS ABSENCE

A STYLISH DESIGN FOR PARIS EVENING WEAR

The shape is particularly graceful, and the heavy ostrich feather trimming gives the hat a very rich appearance

A CHARMING MATINÉE STRAW

Lined with black silk and trimmed with broad satin ribbon. The simplicity of the design must appeal to everyone. It is a creation particularly suitable for the *jeune fille*, and matinée wear in general

HAT OF BLACK HORSE-HAIR

Draped with black satin, with a knot tied at the side. Behind, a profusion of white aigrettes set the hat off charmingly, though we can hardly nowadays mention the aigrette without bringing a storm of indignation on our heads

The Modish Millinery of the Moment

A FETCHING BONNET

The drapery of which is continued round the shoulders. Effective for evening wear

BLACK SATIN TOQUE

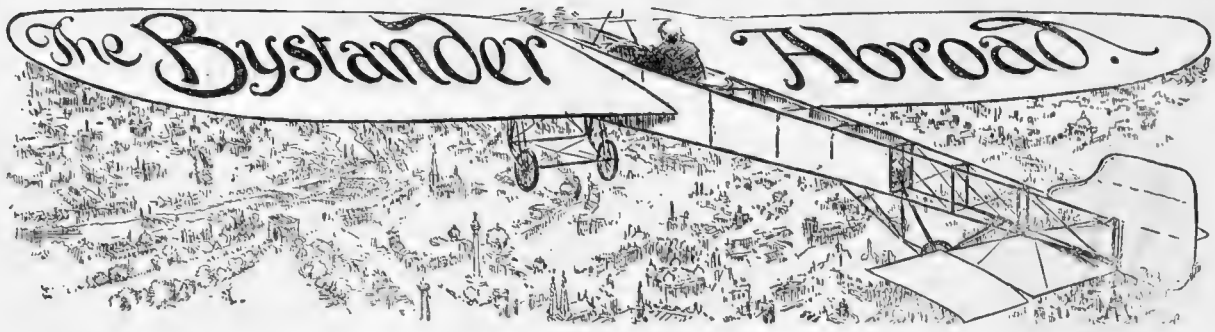
Draped in such fashion as to represent a long flat feather. Very suitable for a brunette

A SATIN AND CRAPE CHAPEAU

Highly effective if worn with dark furs. The design is particularly Parisian, and is hardly likely to become very popular in London. The large pearl ornament on the right of the hat relieves its sombre tone

HAT OF FINE GREY STRAW

The crown is covered with long, flimsy feathers. A little bunch of dog-roses lies under the feathers. The lady in our picture does her hair in a rather remarkable manner, which the hat can scarcely be said to demand



Bulgaria's Tsar

THE new Tsar of Bulgaria is determined to lose no opportunity of returning thanks to his brother Tsar for favours, past, present, and to come. His visit to St. Petersburg is a distinctly clever stroke, especially at a moment when his neighbour, Austria, is coquetting in so bold and open a manner with Russia. The Tsar Ferdinand has not forgotten that Russian diplomacy was the cause of his predecessor's abdication, and he has made up his mind at all costs to get on the right side of Russia. The visit is, of course, connected with the negotiations which have been going on for some time between Isvolsky and Aerenthal for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkans. The Tsar of Bulgaria will not be treated as if he had no voice in the matter or was on the level of a refractory State like Servia. Naturally, he is strongly in favour of the *status quo* being maintained.

The King and Queen of Spain Arrive at Seville
An interesting event is shortly expected in the Spanish Royal Family

His Ungrateful Subjects

Tsar Ferdinand is not popular in Bulgaria, and he knows it. Even after so many years, after the big debt of gratitude they owe him for doing the best he can for their country, and succeeding, his sturdy peasant subjects are apt to compare his stiff, pompous manners and artistic tastes with the manliness of the dashing hero of Slivitzna. Tsar Ferdinand is a student, a linguist, a scientist, and a clever diplomatist; but, as one of his subjects said to me when I was in Sofia, "What's the use of all that if you cannot ride a horse?" If a horse could be ridden by intrigue, the Tsar Ferdinand would be a first-class horseman. He was the only European ruler who was a match for Abdul Hamid; and, as he explained to his French Chamberlain after some fresh proof of the ex-Sultan's perfidy, "If Abdul Hamid is a sly man, Ferdinand of Bulgaria is slier still." And he has proved it.

Horses—and Hills

His poor horsemanship is a source of great annoyance to the Tsar Ferdinand, and no one ever speaks of horses at the Court of Sofia. When an English writer visited Sofia and received what he considered bad treatment from the Tsar Ferdinand, he took his revenge by recalling the unfortunate accident which took place at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when a spirited animal threw the then Prince. He has never visited England since. Some of the Bulgars rather take exception to the exaggerated and elaborate Court etiquette which prevails in Sofia. Tsar Ferdinand goes everywhere in State. When he took the waters at Marienbad with his late mother, you could see them toiling up the steep hill to the Rübezahl, as the Kur demands, followed by a suite! It looked rather absurd, especially as the King of England was accompanied by one equerry.

An Historic Canard

The infamous story invented by a certain newspaper with reference to the imaginary elopement of a highly placed peer's daughter reminds one of a similar story invented years ago of Mlle. Grevy, now Mme. Wilson. A Paris newspaper one day announced that she had gone off with the famous Capoul. Capoul was the darling of the ladies of his time. He was pleasant-mannered and good-looking, and many were the stories told of his amorous adventures. Mlle. Grevy had an attack of the "flu," which prevented her attending an important Elysée reception. Then it was decided she had gone off with Capoul. The newspapers gave the details, and actually traced the fugitives to Neuchatel. Mme. Grevy was in hysterics. M. Grevy determined that at all costs the scandal had to be stopped. Mlle. Grevy got out of bed, and, in spite of the "flu," appeared in public—and, behold! that is how history repeats itself!

A Parisian Phyllis and Strephon

POSING IN AN ARCADIAN BALLET AT THE OPERA

"LA FÊTE CHEZ THÉRÈSE"

A scene from the ballet in two acts recently produced at the Opera, Paris

BY LELONG

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"MORE than one, and more than two, of Mr. Asquith's colleagues," says the *Times*, "are believed to cherish the conviction that another man of superior capacity is close at hand to fill his place." What a sly old paper the *Times* is, leaving us to guess who those colleagues are!

* * *

DR. FRANK, of the German Reichstag, has declared that England's democratic Parliament is a source of morality and culture. One wonders if this kind Dr. Frank ever stood beside a candidate for Parliament on a barrow outside a public-house and listened to him trying to catch votes.

* * *

WITH Spring, we come closer to the prospect of trouble in the Balkans—in other words, we get Near Easter. (*Copyright in U.S.A.*)

* * *

A PHYSICIAN is stated to have stood in the wings at Covent Garden the first night of *Elektra* in case the strain upon Miss Walker proved too great. I suppose if there had been any prospect of a high note not coming off he would have dashed forward and injected strychnine, then hastily retired again before he could be given an encore.

* * *

LIVELY gratification has been caused in Germany by the fact that the *Nassau* (their first Dreadnought) has discharged all its guns simultaneously without doing any damage to the ship. It would certainly have been exasperating if, after all the talk about it, the *Nassau* had only blown herself up.

* * *

"PREMIER Wounded by a Member of the Nationalist Party" looked bad on the posters last week, but it turned out to be only the Egyptian Premier after all. Mr. O'Brien bides his time.

* * *

DR. BODE has admitted the possibility that the Flora bust is not by Leonardo da Vinci, and now hopes are entertained that Dr. Cook will admit that there is just a chance that he did not do that Polar bust.

A Tree Shelters a Cross

In 1851, on the Friedhof at Stettin, a cross was placed, and next to it a tree was planted. In course of time the tree grew round the cross

IT is to be feared that Dr. Richard Strauss will never be popular with politicians of either party, for it is he who has introduced into England an instrument called the "heckelphone."

* * *

THE heckelphone "can render into music deep groans and sombre denunciation." A nice look-out for candidates at the next elections.

* * *

RUBBER shares may be all very well, but the result of universal investment in them will be that in a few years everybody will be wanting to shove rubber down everyone else's throat. You know how advertisers conspire to make a thing fashionable? Well, I foresee the following:

RUBBER MODES

The woman with any pretensions to be *élégante* will never be without her elephant-grey goloshes at Ranelagh. A storm cloak of the same material, slashed with crimson baize, is *chic* even in the warmest weather; and coolness may be attained by wearing under the *chapeau*—which should be of the shape worn by the Para gum-seekers—a *caoutchouc* wig. Nothing insures a lily-and-rose complexion so quickly as a hot-rubber bath. A King's physician says: "For forty years I was a sufferer from eczema. Now I wear rubber next my skin." Wedding cakes may be made of this rich material, and will be found as appetising as ever. Another use for this marvellous gum has been discovered by one of our leading photographers. Impressions of the human face divine can be obtained even better on rubber than on the ordinary film. Gum portraits of the Duchess of L—— and Mr. Winston Churchill are exciting great attention.

* * *

ONE of the characters in the *Daily Chronicle* feuilleton is "the Duke of Clavershay—introduced by Lady Avenant to wean Maud's affections from Benjamin." Even in its feuilleton the *Chronicle* cannot but take a dark view of a Duke's potentialities.

Winter Sports! Br-r-r-r!

A LONG AND LOFTY SKI JUMP AT CHAMONIX

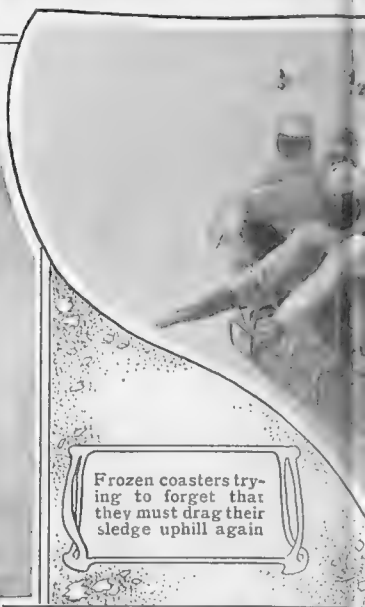
Photograph] AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SKI-ING [*Graphic Photo Union*

"Skis were invented by Scandinavian gentlemen who lived in the régime of Thor and Odin. They invented them so that they could make big jumps from peak to peak and then go home and write Sagas telling all about what fine and dandy fellows and what astounding jumpists they were. . . . The writer hereof is not maintaining that he ever skied nimbly from crag to crag like the flossy chamois; but he had a pair of 'em on once, and that was enough. Ski-ing isn't a sport. It's a messy method of committing suicide."—Clarence L. Cullen in the New York "Sunday Magazine"

The Alleged Glories

(Titles appended by a member of "The Bystander")

Winter's Marrow-Freezing Mantle: The dismal sort of spectacle that delights the Winter Sports Maniac



Frozen coasters trying to forget that they must drag their sledge uphill again

A desperate party of sledgers hungrily awaiting the return to the fireside

Photographs

One begins to despair that the hoary old fraud known as "Winter Sports" will ever be exploded. There are apparently many maniacs left in the world who are as eager as ever to be utterly miserable, and bitterly determined that their more optimistic friends shall plunge into the abyss along with them. Year after year, gentle-souled, sensible citizens are dragged from their homes by hysterical sledgers, ski-ers, and skaters, and practically forced to torture themselves. Little they ears of their victims. Gleefully they ho rheumatism-smitten companions hurtle help do they pelt froze balls of snow at unhapp exhaustively such malignant conduct! Ho

of the Alpine Winter

staff who has been unable to go to Switzerland this year)

Coasters—now nearly frozen stiff—frantically endeavouring to look pleasant

Picture of a Paralysed Village: A view calculated to rouse all the baser instincts of the Winter Sports Fiend

Graphic Photo Union

y care when the icy wind whistles in the eyes and owl when their pneumonia-pleurisy-lumbago-sciatica-plessly into slushy crevasses. With what frantic joy by uncles, dying slowly on their feet. How to execrate ow to exterminate the misery fiend who insists on the agony of all who know him! Dare we suggest that an Anti-Winter Sport Crusade be inaugurated—that non-ski-ers and non-skaters and non-sledgers wear a steel button with the letters "I.D.S." (I don't skate, ski, sledge) engraved upon it? There is only one winter sport that counts—Bridge! And a big fire—and tobacco—oh! and hot drinks Put some more coals on, please!

In the Land of the Narcissus

VIEWS OF THE ISLANDS WHENCE COMES OUR SPRING SUPPLY OF LILIES

Photographs] [*R. C. Reed*

(1) Cromwell's Castle, Tresco, Scilly Isles

(2) Old Arches, Ruins of an Ancient Dominican Abbey, in Grounds of Tresco Abbey. The property of Mr. Smith-Dorrien, the owner of the Island of Tresco and Governor of Scilly Isles

(3) In the Grounds of Tresco Abbey: The Tropical Plants to be found growing here are unique in Europe

(4) The Main Street, St. Mary's, Scilly Isles

A White Lie

By Muriel Mathias

NORA AMHERST sat alone on the verandah of the bungalow, with two letters lying open on her lap. She looked half dreamily at the brilliant west, where the sun was just sinking in culminating splendour after a broiling Indian day, and a queer smile hovered on her lips, half happy, yet tinged with an odd mixture of indecision. After a few moments she lifted the letters, and, pushing one into the bosom of her white gown, glanced at the other again without noticing that a man had parted the window-curtains behind her and was watching every movement with longing eyes. Then he stepped forward, and stood beside the chair.

"I see you got my note," he said softly, and the girl started and flushed hotly.

"Yes, but only just now; your servant brought it."

"Then it is only his idleness that is to blame for the non-arrival of the answer I have been longing for all this afternoon. Are you glad to see me—Nora?"

She twisted his note between her fingers nervously.

"Yes," she faltered; "yes, of course."

The man leant over the chair until his moustache almost touched her fair, shining hair.

"You must have known what my note meant, Nora—what I wanted to say to you. Surely you've read it often in my eyes when we have been dancing or riding together? Nora, I want you to be my wife. Tell me I have not mistaken the meaning of the many hours you have let me spend by your side."

The girl rose to her feet, and faced him with a half-defiant expression.

"I'm afraid, Captain Mainwaring, that you have," she said in tones that shook a little. "I don't know what my mother may have led you to believe, but on my part there has been no intentional encouragement."

The man's face seemed to age perceptibly as she spoke, and his hand clenched hard on the chair-back.

"Is that your last word, Nora? You've dealt me a heavy blow, and it's all the harder because it was so unexpected. Am I too old, dear? Is that your reason for refusal?"

"Partly," she murmured, hesitatingly, and Mainwaring's face hardened.

"You mean to marry that boy," he said bitterly, "a thoughtless, reckless young cub, who's up to his neck in debt, and won't take the slightest care of you."

"I must request you to leave Mr. Alston's name out of this discussion, Captain Mainwaring. I shall marry whom I please, and I see no reason why a man of my own age should not be able to look after me as well as one fifteen years older."

Alick Mainwaring's face was very pale and drawn as he bowed before her wrathful young one.

"God grant that you may find the happiness with him that I prayed it might be my lot to give you, Nora," he said, huskily. "But I fear for you, child. If—if there comes a cloud that's darker than you expected, don't forget that there is one man who would lay down his life to serve you."

Bending, he pressed his lips on her hand; then, without another word, went silently into the house.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Amherst was seriously angry. Several things had combined to make her so, and as she paced her drawing-room she endeavoured to think of the strongest line she could adopt with Nora, when that erring young lady should descend from her bedroom, to which she had but a few moments before denied her mother admission.

"No wonder she is afraid to see me," ejaculated Mrs. Amherst; "after such an exhibition at the ball last night she has good reason to be ashamed. Poor Captain Mainwaring! I felt so guilty when I saw him watching the disgraceful way she was behaving with that impossible young Alston. Really I don't know what girls are coming to; chaperonage will soon be something worse than a farce. I'm truly thankful that I have arranged for Nora to go home this week to my sister for a change, if England only makes her forget that most ineligible young man, and learn to appreciate Captain Mai——."

At this moment the object of her wrath pushed open the door and came coolly into the room, looking particularly fresh and pretty.

"I hardly know what to say to you," began her mother severely. "Surely you must have realised last night how very marked your behaviour with young Alston was?"

"I suppose it was your special *protégé* who drew your attention to it?" observed Nora bitterly. "He's never tired of running down Claude."

"Claude!" gasped Mrs. Amherst. "Oh, Nora, I do hope you have not been foolish enough to promise Mr. Alston anything; I've never heard you refer to him by his Christian name before!"

She looked keenly at her daughter, but the latter's eyes remained fixed persistently upon some flowers in her hands, and she gave no indication of her feelings.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"I am going to make one last appeal to your common-sense, and the affection I have always believed you have for me," pursued Mrs. Amherst in tones that shook, despite her efforts to be calm and collected. "You are leaving for England to-morrow, Nora, and, for my sake, I beg you to put this lad out of your life. Six months' absence will, I feel sure, enable you to overcome any infatuation—I cannot call it love—that you may think you have for him at this moment, and when you come back he will not be here any longer. Then, my child, I trust that you may be more willing to listen, without prejudice, to a good man's wooing!"

The girl came slowly forward and hid her face on her mother's shoulder.

"I—I'll—try—mother!" she faltered, and Mrs. Amherst forbore to press her further at the moment, though she repeated her wishes next morning, as they stood on the deck of the liner, only to meet with the same enigmatic response.

. . . . . .

Alick Mainwaring sat writing in his bungalow at Karachi. Suddenly he laid down his pen and looked at the calendar.

"Six months!" he muttered; "it seems more like six years to me since the day she turned me down, and next week she will be back—is on her way now—to face this!"

He took up a closely written page which he had recently completed, and scanned it over again.

"How will she take it, I wonder? Will she blame me? Of course, she is sure to, and yet—I'm only doing my duty after all, and why should I shield him? He's made his own bed, and he always was a wrong 'un!"

He touched a bell, and his Pathan servant entered.

"Gaida," he said, "go to the sahib in the inner room and ask if his paper is ready."

The man departed, and as Mainwaring watched his retreating form a sudden idea came to him.

"I can soften the blow in one way, perhaps," he muttered, and, drawing a sheet of notepaper towards him, scribbled a few words upon it. He was just addressing the envelope, when Gaida returned, carrying a folded document, which he handed to his master.

"Take this as fast as you can to Mrs. Amherst's bungalow, and wait for an answer," said Mainwaring, and the man hurried away, whilst his master looked carefully through the paper he had brought. The statement implicated many others besides the writer. He smiled grimly as he read, between the lines as well as in them, the coward's attempt to mitigate his own part in the recent scandals which he, Mainwaring, had discovered.

He was roused from his reflections by the sudden re-entrance of Gaida.

"The memsahib is here, sahib," and Mainwaring rose to greet Mrs. Amherst, who seemed strangely agitated, he thought.

"You have sent for me, Captain Mainwaring," she began hesitatingly. "You have no bad news, I trust?"

"I am afraid I have," he answered gravely. "At least, I scarcely know if it will come as a complete shock to *you*; it is Nora I am chiefly concerned about!"

"It's dreadful!" she cried suddenly, dropping her face into her hands with a sob, and the man looked at her in surprise.

"It is!" he agreed; "but I had no idea you knew of it, Mrs. Amherst."

"I have just got her letter telling me all!"

"All!" echoed Mainwaring. "Then she *knew* he was a gun-runner!"

"I don't understand," faltered Nora's mother.

"It's fairly simple," replied Mainwaring grimly. "Three months ago I received secret information that some foreign agents were engaged in smuggling ammunition into Afghanistan by the [illegible] method of concealing cartridges inside blocks of dates. These were conveyed by a dhow from Muscat to Gwadar, and thence by camel caravan, *viâ* Isfandak and Robat, across the frontier. I sent Gaida to watch; he is an invaluable servant to me in my difficult position of a political official, and as the result of his reports I went myself to Gwadar and ordered the Customs officers to board the last dhow which arrived with a cargo of dates."

He gave her a keen glance, but the woman still looked utterly mystified.

"I accompanied the Customs men," he continued quietly; "they are Persians, you know, and would not act without my authority. The dhow's crew resisted any investigation, and I knew at once that Gaida had not been mistaken about the smuggling, nor, as I ascertained a few moments later, about something else he had told me, which I had found difficult to believe at the time—namely, that the leader of the gun-runners was a sahib."

"A sahib?" echoed Mrs. Amherst incredulously. "Do you mean a white man?"

"I mean an Englishman, Mrs. Amherst; and his name is Claude Alston."

Her face went deathly white. "What did you do?" she whispered.

"I took him prisoner, of course," he answered drily; "but I spoke to him in English, which I hope passed unnoticed amidst the uproar, advising him to come quietly, for I did not wish those Persians to know that England had been betrayed by one of her own sons. He is here, beneath this roof, awaiting an escort for which I am about to send."

Mrs. Amherst glanced round half fearfully.

"What will they do to him?" she whispered, with white, trembling lips, and Mainwaring's face hardened unpleasantly.

"There is only one thing that is fit punishment for such treachery," he answered in merciless tones; "they will most probably shoot him."

The words seemed to galvanise the woman into sudden life, and she fell on her knees at his feet.

"You must not give him up," she said wildly; "you shall not, you shall not!"

"I must," he answered sternly. "I have no choice; it is my duty."

"Duty!" she cried. "What is duty beside the love you swore to me you had for Nora?"

She saw his face soften momentarily, then harden again.

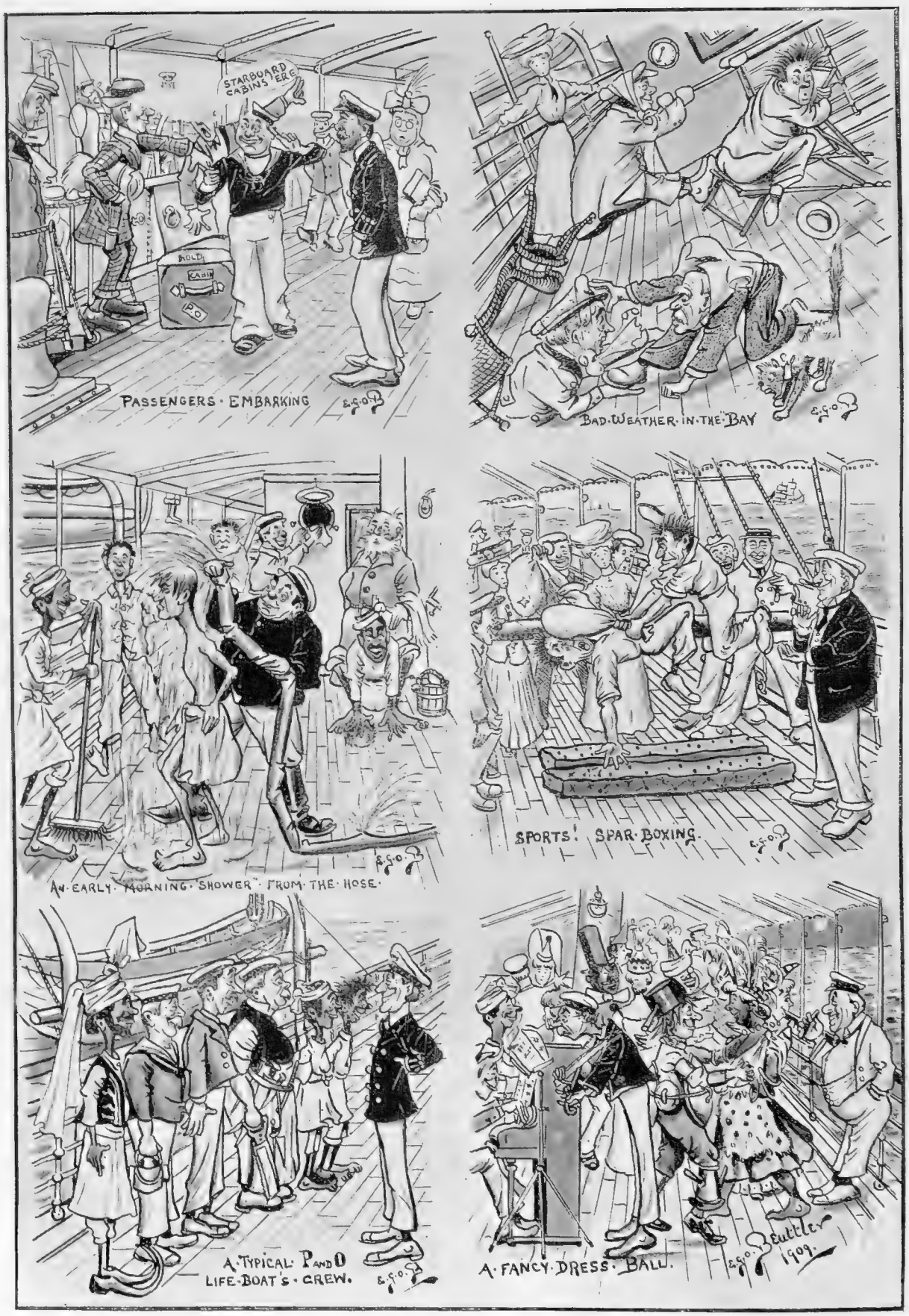
"I gathered from your words just now, Mrs. Amherst, that she has known of his treachery all the time?"

"Nora does *not* know, Captain Mainwaring; I'd stake my life that she had no idea of what that man was doing. She is my daughter, and an Englishwoman—the very thought of such a thing would sicken her!"

(Continued on page 418)

A Cruise on the S.S. "Vectis"

AS FAITHFULLY EXPERIENCED BY OUR NAUTICAL ARTIST



The P. and O. Company's well-known boat, "Vectis," is at present on the way to Egypt and the Holy Land. Her next pleasure cruise will be to Constantinople and Greece, for which trip she will leave Marseilles on the 19th inst.

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

(Continued from page 446)

"But the letter," he argued, dully, "the letter you said she had written, telling you all?"

Mrs. Amherst gave a strangled sob.

"I didn't know then what you really meant," she answered hoarsely; "there is no word of this horrible business in her letter. It only tells me that—*she is his wife!*"

No weapon could have struck Mainwaring down more surely than those few simple words, which wiped hope out of his life.

He lurched against the table, and clutched its edge for support, then sinking into his chair sat staring straight before him with eyes that seemed devoid of all save one expression—intense horror. As in a dream he became aware that Mrs. Amherst was speaking.

"I see you realise how dreadful my position is," she said. "Oh, Captain Mainwaring, I feel that I cannot bear to see that man after all he has done; and how to meet Nora I do not know!"

"They were married in London?" he queried. "You are perfectly satisfied that the thing was legal, I suppose?"

"She has sent me the certificate of her marriage. It took place in an English church almost directly after they landed—nearly six months ago!"

"The scoundrel!" muttered Mainwaring. "I wish I'd shot him on sight the other day!"

"Don't say that," sobbed the woman. "Think what his death would mean to Nora and—her child!"

The man flinched as if she had struck him in the face.

"I never dreamed of—that!" he said hoarsely. Mrs. Amherst caught his arm convulsively.

"You hold her life in your hands, for the news would kill her. You will be merciful, Captain Mainwaring; you will, I know, for you have told me that you love her?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I love her—God help me—but what can I do? The matter is out of my hands."

"Surely not. You said you had not sent for the escort yet, so there must still be time. Let him escape, Captain Mainwaring. Save him—for her sake?"

"You ask impossibilities; the Government know too much. This gun-running has been suspected for a long time, and now that it has been proved by the Customs officers there can be no hiding the facts; they lack only one detail connected with what took place at Gwadar when the ammunition was found—the name of the white man who was prime mover in the smuggling!"

"You will break Nora's heart—and mine!" moaned the woman; and the man, rising unsteadily, walked to the window to hide his face.

Outside a storm was rapidly gathering. Great, heavy clouds hovered in threatening masses overhead, and as Alick Mainwaring looked at their sombre thickness, certain past words of his own seemed to echo in his ears: "If there comes a cloud that's darker than you expected, don't forget that there is one man who would lay down his life to serve you." With this thought there came to him another—a hitherto undreamed-of solution to the problem he had to solve!

He crossed to the woman, and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"I will try to save Nora's husband," he said quietly, and as she looked up the expression of relief in her tear-dimmed eyes seemed in some slight measure to compensate him for what must come.

"You are good!" she faltered, pressing her lips on his hand.

"Not good, Mrs. Amherst, only weak—for a woman's sake!"

"What will you do?" she whispered, but the man shook his head.

"I cannot tell you. I want you to leave the matter in my hands, and to promise me that whatever happens in the future you will never comment upon it, never tell a living soul that you saw me to-day."

Mrs. Amherst laid her hands in his.

"I promise," she answered gravely. "I trust you, and I only wish it had pleased God to give Nora's life into your keeping!"

Alick Mainwaring looked at her with a curious light in his eyes as he led her to the door.

"Perhaps He has," he said slowly. "Good-bye."

He held her hand in a long, close grasp, watched her as she turned to wave a last farewell, then, moving to the table, gathered up the pages of the report he had been writing before she arrived, and, striking a match, deliberately burnt them, together with Alston's own confession of guilt.

He watched the sheets crumble into ashes with an odd smile on his lips; then, drawing some fresh ones into place, took up a pen and wrote steadily for some time. His task was done at last, and he read through what he had written. It was carefully thought-out, and replete with details which would banish all doubt from the mind of the Revenue Commissioner for the Persian Gulf—a confession that he alone, Alick Mainwaring, was the man who had been running ammunition into Afghanistan for the past six months!

"It's an odd sensation, this fashioning one's own coffin," he muttered as he touched a bell for Gaida, who entered swiftly.

"Gaida," he said quietly, "there is something I want you to remember—always."

The Pathan salaamed silently.

"It is this—that the only Englishman you saw on board that dhow we boarded was myself. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sahib, I will not speak of what I thought I saw."

"That is well," answered Mainwaring gravely. "Now take this and send it for me at once."

Gaida took the letter, salaamed, and went noiselessly away. Then Mainwaring locked the door, and, opening an inner one, called to his prisoner to come out.

There was a look of sullen defiance on Alston's face as he obeyed, and Mainwaring pointed to a chair.

"I want you to answer a few simple questions, Alston, for I am going to let you escape the punishment you deserve," he began quietly——. "No, don't interrupt," as the younger man essayed to thank him. "Let us have no misunderstanding in this, our last interview. I think you a traitor and a blackguard, and you know it. I am not neglecting my obvious duty for your sake, but for your wife's."

His voice shook a little as he uttered the last word reverently.

"Nothing can undo the past, but if you have one spark of honour left, the chance I am giving you

(Continued on page 452)

Raw Materials at Home

I.—RUBBER (OF WHICH THE STOCK EXCHANGE MAY HAVE HEARD)

CINGALESE GIRL RUBBER TAPPING ON THE HALF SPIRAL SYSTEM

Rubber is produced to-day at the rate of about seventy thousand tons a year, and has, as all he world knows, recently been the cause of an enormous boom on the London Stock Exchange. For many years the supply came from the forests of Brazil, India, West Africa, and Portugal, but now the rubber-tree is cultivated, and there are enormous plantations in Ceylon, Borneo, Java, and the Malay Peninsula. The latter rubber is, moreover, better than the wild variety. No fewer than forty-two companies have been floated this year, and the rush for shares has been tremendous

Raw Materials at Home

II.—SALT-PLOUGHING AND A MOUNTAIN OF COTTON SEED

The Great Salton Saltfield

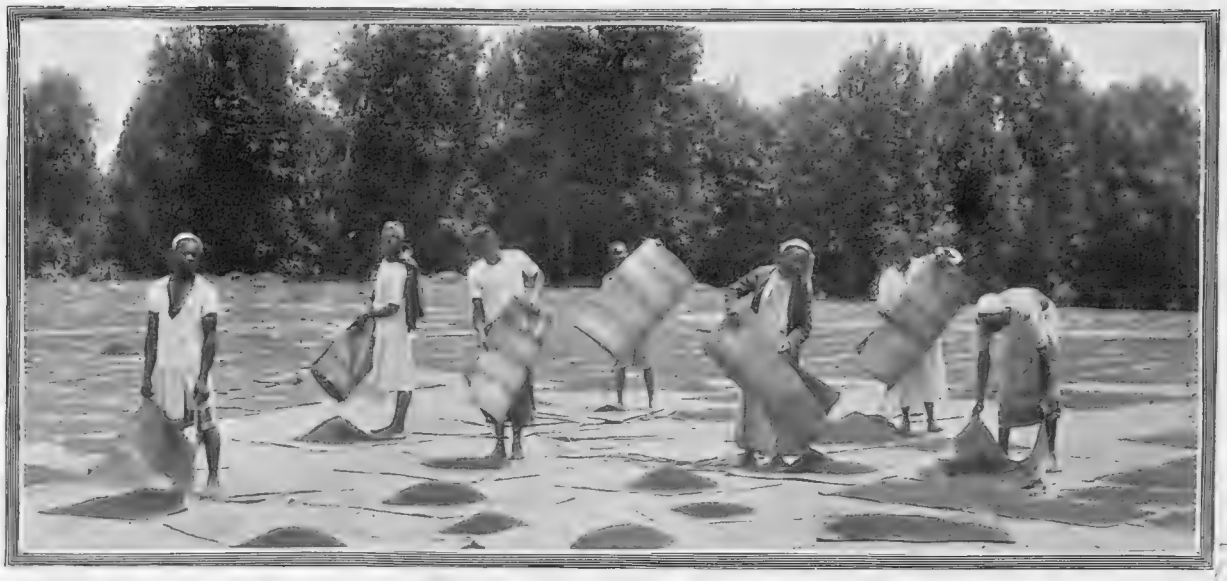
As it formerly looked before the inrushing Colorado River turned this whole region, part of which is more than 250ft. below sea level, into a great freshwater lake seventy miles long and several miles wide. The salt was ploughed up and piled in heaps, which shone brilliantly in the sun. Only Indians could stand the heat and glare

A Mountain of Cotton Seed

A remarkable photograph taken at Memphis, Tennessee, one of the chief cotton markets of the United States. The history of no agricultural product is so interesting as that of cotton seed. Once regarded as a positive nuisance, it was left about to accumulate in vast heaps. Some planters burnt it or threw it into running streams. Now its commercial value is realised, and its products, especially refined oil and cotton-seed cakes or meal, have become important elements in the national industry of the United States

Raw Materials at Home

III.—THE CLOVE INDUSTRY OF ZANZIBAR



Swahilis (Natives of Zanzibar) Spreading the Newly Gathered Cloves out on Mats on Stone-paved Yards to Dry for Export: A Clove Plantation is Seen in the Background

A Mountain of Cloves Ready for Baling for Export

The clove is a small tree of the myrtle order, from 15 to 30 feet high. The flowers are odorous. The unexpanded flower-buds are the cloves of commerce; when prepared they have the appearance of a nail, hence their name, from the French word *clou*, a nail. The clove trade flourishes exceedingly in Zanzibar, but the finest are still brought from Amboyna, in the Moluccas

(Continued from page 448)

now may help you to keep your sheet clean in the future for her sake."

Alston hung his head without a word.

"Is there anyone, besides myself, who can lay information against you?" asked Mainwaring.

"Only that confounded servant of yours you sent to watch!"

The boy's voice was very bitter, and again that odd smile hovered on the elder man's lips.

"Gaida will never speak," he answered; "and you must know, Alston, that when I sent him to watch I had no idea you were mixed up in such a low game. There are some things an Englishman draws the line at as a rule!" He glanced at his watch. "You had better clear off at once."

He unlocked the door, and Alston held out his hand, but Mainwaring shook his head decidedly, and the boy winced.

"How will you explain that dhow business, Mainwaring? They know there was a white man in it, and someone will have to suffer now the game's up!"

"Someone usually does!" was the grave reply; "but *you* have only to keep absolute silence, and leave me to do as I think best—for your wife's sake!"

The boy turned in the doorway.

"I—I'll try to run straight!" he muttered, almost in a whisper. "Good-bye!"

. . . . . .

Mainwaring took out his keys.

"I won't leave anything," he muttered, as he opened a small drawer. Only a few trifles lay within, insignificant to the casual eye, yet to the man who lifted them out reverently they constituted landmarks in the past two years of his life.

A few dance programmes whereon one name figured prominently, a faded flower or two, and one small photo—of a laughing girl in a riding-habit. How well he remembered the circumstances under which they had come into his possession, the hopes to which they had given birth, the dreams—ah! he had done with dreams now! Unlocking other drawers he carefully burnt the papers they contained, then, rising, glanced at the photos he had nailed upon the walls, groups mostly, teams and suchlike mementos of the sports he had always excelled in, and one big photo of his old public school—of which he had been captain.

"I'll burn that too," he said to himself; "no need to remind the Press of where I was educated, and drag the good old school into the mud-throwing that's got to come!"

They were all down, those records of prowess in the playing-fields and the Service, and made their last splash of grandeur as they blazed and subsided into the ashes of dead efforts.

He kept the girl's photo until the rest were nearly gone, and, pressing it to his lips, laid it on top—then that also faded into the limbo of the past.

There was nothing to do now but wait for the inevitable arrest and disgrace which must follow his bogus confession, that "white lie" told to save the woman he loved from pain!

He sat and looked at the pile of ashes. They seemed to form a fantastic cross over the grave of buried hopes.

"Nora," he whispered into the silence, "I wonder if you will ever understand!"

MURIEL MATHIAS.

First Day of the Lent Races at Cambridge: A Wasted Opportunity

In the first division, First Trinity II., the leading boat in the picture, were fortunate in keeping away from Pembroke, as all up the Long Reach the bows of the Pembroke boat were abreast of the First Trinity coxswain, but the Pembroke cox most unaccountably hesitated about making his shot until too late. First II. subsequently made three bumps and rose from ninth to sixth. Jesus, the head boat, went down to Lady Margaret, owing to a crab, but rebumped on the second night and ultimately retained the headship

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XII. THE MEYNELL

Why-Not
By Belvoir Vagabond

Warriner
By Belvoir Warlaby

Mr. Gerald Hardy Coming Out from His Stables to Meet Hounds

Mr. Gerald Hardy was Master of the Atherstone for eight years, after which he took over the Meynell five and a half years ago. He takes the deepest and most untiring interest in hound-breeding, and has been highly successful as the records of Peterborough Shows set forth. A good rider, he belonged to the polo team, "The Freebooters," which won the Champion Cup against the celebrated Sussex team which had held it so long. Always with his hounds, all the year round, he is also generally near them when running. Despite bad falls, he goes well and is invariably extremely well mounted. Very popular, quiet, and tactful with the fields, he is an exceptional Master, and the result is the Meynell Hunt is in a very happy condition

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XII.—The Meynell

(*Written and Illustrated by* LEONARD WILLOUGHBY)

Mr. Gerald Hardy's Fine Stables in the Grounds of Foston Hall

IN the year 1816, Mr. Meynell, a grandson of the famous Hugo Meynell, of Quorn repute, started a pack of hounds at Hoar Cross, having as his huntsman Tom Leedham. The country, however, previous to this had been hunted for about one hundred years by the Vernons, of Hilton, and subsequently by the Lords Vernon, the members of the Hunt and the servants wearing bright orange coats and low-crowned hats, the livery of the Vernons. After the Lords Vernons came the Hon. and Rev. George Talbot, hounds being kennelled in three different parts of the country, hunting alternate fortnights in Staffordshire and Derbyshire. Mr. Talbot died in the hunting-field on the first day of the season, 1812, when the pack were sold. Although the country was hunted after this by Mr. E. M. Mundy and the Hon. Edward Harbord, a good deal of trouble arose from undefined boundaries, and in 1813 the Vernon Hunt ceased to exist. In 1814 the Derby Subscription Hounds were started, but next year the country was given up in favour of "Squire" Osbaldeston, who carried the horn himself. Owing to an unpleasantness with Sir Henry Every in 1816, the "Squire" removed his hounds, consisting of ninety couple. It was then Mr. Meynell came forward, changing his harriers to foxhounds, many of which were descended from his grandfather's Quorn celebrities. From this date to 1869 Mr. Meynell showed great sport, and at his death, at the age of eighty-six, his son, Mr. Meynell-Ingram, who took his wife's name, held them for two seasons. His widow, the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, defrayed the cost of hunting the country for one season, and then presented the hounds to the country, when, at a meeting in 1871, it was decided in future to call them the Meynell Hunt. Since then Lord Waterpark, Mr. Clowes, Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole, Colonel Chandos-Pole, Mr. Hamar Bass, Mr. Richard Fort, and Mr. Gerald Hardy have been in command at various periods. To-day it is most satisfactory to find this grand Hunt in a flourishing state, and undoubtedly one of the very first provincial packs. The country extends as far as Ashbourne on the north, Derby on the east, Uttoxeter on the west, and Burton on the south, the River Dove dividing the Derbyshire and Staffordshire portions. The country is undulating, with a great number of brooks, which are ill-defined. The enclosures are small, and the fences are mostly of quick, with slight banks and a ditch on one side, and in parts there are stone walls. The energetic hon. secretary of the Hunt, Mr. Caldecott, has, owing to his exertions and tact, succeeded in removing most of the wire in the country. The fields do not exceed 200. Those that turn out are well mounted, and consist of a large proportion of landowners, permanent residents, and a few farmers. The country generally possesses some of the finest woodlands, and those owned by Lord Bagot provide an everlasting supply of stout-hearted foxes.

The Master of the Meynell, Mr. Gerald Hardy, and a puppy "at walk"

The Meynell Dog Pack, Master, Huntsman (Charles Gillson), and Whips, in Sudbury Park, Lord Vernon's Seat

Charles Gillson, the huntsman, is a son of the Gillson who hunted the Cottesmore. He is a bold, quick rider, and with his light weight takes a lot of beating in any country. He is almost as good in the kennel as in the field, and in the latter he is unsurpassed. Quiet with hounds, he is quick when assistance is wanted. Hounds come to him at once, and are very handy

The Meynell Master's House: Foston Hall, near Sudbury, Derbyshire

Mr. Gerald Hardy's beautiful home is full of trophies of the chase, he being an enthusiastic big-game hunter

The Lady Pack Leaving the Kennels for Exercise

The Meynell pack consists of sixty-three couple, of which twenty-two couple are dogs. The Meynell hounds to-day have good-sprung ribs, good backs, and good bodies, there not being a weedy or leggy one among them. Legs and feet are decidedly good, and there is plenty of bone. The necks and shoulders are fair, the colour varied, with a good proportion of tan, though there are a certain number of light-coloured or lemon pie, no attempt having been made to stick to uniform colour, but rather to avoid the worst colours. Their hunting is notable for good drive, and their nose upon a road is remarkable. They are fast enough for anything, persevering on a cold-scenting day to the very end

GAMES AND PASTIMES

GOLF

The Stoke Poges Club

A notable addition to the amenities of country clubdom was made when the Stoke Poges Club was started last year. In former years Hurlingham and Ranelagh were the only country clubs to which the jaded Londoner could repair for exercise and fresh air. The principal *raison d'être* of these clubs was polo, and although during a short period of ill-fortune prior to the advent of the present successful *régime* Ranelagh was kept alive by its golfers, yet to all intents and purposes polo reigns supreme in both these delightful resorts. Golfers have now taken a leaf out of the polo-players' book, and have proceeded to establish various clubs within easy reach of Town, where, besides golf, various other games are provided for. The most recent and the most beautiful of these clubs is that of Stoke Poges, where the final of the Southern Professional Foursomes was played the other day. This lovely place came into the market at the death of its owner, Mr. Bryant, and principally through the energy of Mr. N. L. Jackson it was secured by a strong syndicate and dedicated to its present purposes. Golf is the main feature of the club, but other games, such as lawn tennis, croquet, archery, bowls, and probably polo, are, or will be, provided. The place is most accessible to Londoners, for it is within fifteen minutes' drive by motor-'bus from Slough Station, which, as we all know, has an admirable service of fast up and down trains. The club-house itself is the last word in luxury and comfort, very little alteration having been needed to fit the noble old mansion to its present uses. Naturally, my principal concern is with the golfing side of the club. As most London golfers know, the architecture of the golf course was entrusted to the capable hands of Mr. H. S. Colt, one of the foremost of the amateur golf architects. I was able the other day to see the results of his admirable handiwork. The course as laid out by him is a veritable triumph, and abounds in ingenious and sporting features. There is inevitably in all park courses a certain sameness about their long holes, and it is extremely difficult to differentiate one hole from another. So far as is humanly possible this monotony has been avoided at Stoke Poges. As time goes on, and it has been ascertained from the run of the ball where additional bunkers should be placed, increased variety will be given to the course.

F. Chesterton

Holder of the Badminton Singles Championship, and of the Doubles Championship with A. D. Prebble

Some Features of the Course

Mr. Colt's masterpiece is the seventh hole, one of the most beautiful and interesting short holes I have ever seen. The green is situated on a plateau, at right angles to which runs a stream in a deep declivity. The tee-shot has to be played diagonally to this green, and on important occasions the hole is placed as near as it safely may be to the edge of the plateau overlooking the ravine. With the wind a mashie will suffice; against it an iron would be needed. The least push or slice on the tee-shot is fatal, while a good shot is bound to be rewarded as the green is of an ample size. Another excellent hole is the eleventh, which is a full cleek or driving-mashie shot to a green guarded on all sides by cunningly contrived bunkers. Of the longer holes I think I preferred the twelfth and thirteenth, the latter being a particularly fine hole, with an interesting tee-shot and a tricky second. Still, in one day's visit it is impossible to give a detailed opinion on a long course. But I saw quite enough to impress upon me the fact that the Stoke Poges golfers are the possessors of a very fine course. It has the sovereign advantage of being a dry course, the soil being sandy loam and gravel, all the sand necessary for the bunkers being found on the estate. The Club are fortunate in their Secretary, Mr. C. H. Alison, the famous old Oxford golfer, who will go down in history as the hero of the famous shot from the roof of the Woking club-house in the 'Varsity match of 1904. I take this opportunity of thanking him for the ready courtesy with which he supplied me with most of the information I have given above. Anyone desirous of further particulars as to terms of membership will find a ready response in the same kindly quarter.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

A. D. Prebble

Joint-holder, with F. Chesterton, of the Badminton Doubles Championship, and, with Miss Boothby, of the Mixed Championship

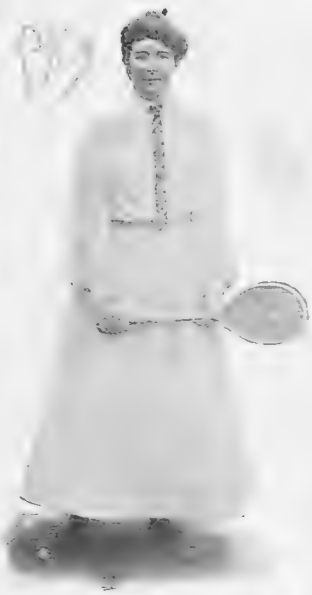
BADMINTON

Championship Prospects

The change in the *venue* of the All-England Championships, which commence to-day (Wednesday), from the head-quarters of the London Rifle Brigade in

Point-to-Point Points: By Snaffles

HUMOURS OF THE SEASON AS DEPICTED BY OUR OWN SPORTING ARTIST



Miss Lucas
Holder of the Badminton Ladies Singles Championship, and of the Doubles Championship with Miss Murray

Bunhill Row, E.C., to the Horticultural Hall in Vincent Square, Westminster, is expected to prove a change for the better. So far as the players are concerned, it will not make much difference; but at the new hall the accommodation for spectators is greater, and the place would appear to be more accessible, except to those who are "something in the City" and want to look in after (or during) business hours. Writing, as I am, before the actual date of the closing of the entries, I cannot state with absolute accuracy the names of the leading competitors, but it seems tolerably certain that in the case of four out of the five championships the holders will be there to defend their titles. The Ladies' Doubles is the event which may possibly be undefended, it being doubtful whether Miss Murray, who won it in partnership with Miss Lucas last year, will be able to play.

The Singles

There were one or two surprises in the results of the 1909 tournament, so that, although the *personnel* of the leading players has undergone but little change, it is possible that one or two of the championships may change hands. F. Chesterton, the holder of the Men's Singles, is not likely to go under. G. A. Thomas is, perhaps, his most dangerous opponent, and the two invariably have a battle royal whenever they meet. But in the course of this season Thomas has only won once in a series of several encounters. Chesterton is a wonderful "sticker," and always finishes strongly; therein lies the secret of his success. H. N. Marrett, with less time to devote to the game than he used to have, is slightly less formidable than he was, though still "in the same street" with Chesterton and Thomas, and, on the whole, if anyone can beat Chesterton I expect Thomas to be the man. An even safer seat is that of Miss Lucas in the Ladies' Singles. A year ago she was in a class by herself. This year several players have succeeded in getting a bit nearer to her, but that is about all. Miss Radeglia should do as well as anybody against her

Miss D. Boothby
Holder, with A. D. Prebble, of the Badminton Mixed Championship

The Doubles

The victory of Chesterton and A. D. Prebble over Marrett and Thomas in the final of the Doubles last year was one of the surprises above referred to, the combination of two such sound players as Marrett and Thomas, equipped at the same time with such a *répertoire* of strokes, being looked upon as almost ideal. They are playing together again, and may quite possibly have their revenge. Rather less possibly one of the younger pairs, like Fitton and Hawthorn, may effect a surprise. The other unexpected win was that of Prebble and Miss Boothby, the famous lawn tennis pair, in the Mixed Doubles. They will find some difficulty in retaining the laurels they so pluckily won last year. Thomas and Miss Bateman and Chesterton and Miss Lucas will both be tip-top pairs. In the Ladies' Doubles Miss Lucas, if she loses her last year's partner, Miss Murray, will probably join forces with Miss Bateman, a very brilliant player, but apt to be erratic at inconvenient moments. Miss Boothby and Miss Larminie would make a good pair against them, for Miss Larminie during the present season has made a bigger advance in Doubles and Mixed Doubles—especially the latter—than any other lady player; but the final grouping of the pairs in this event depends upon whether Miss Murray plays or not.

The Internationals

Additional interest will be given to the tournament by the fact that two International matches will be included in its programme—England *v.* Ireland and Ireland *v.* Scotland. This is the first occasion, I believe, on which Scotland has become a candidate for International honours, and the advance recently made by her leading players, although as yet they are hardly up to English championship form, quite justifies the experiment. Ireland will feel the loss of two of her best men, B. Hamilton and T. D. Good, but with A. M. and W. F. Cave, H. Plews, F. A. Kennedy, R. H. Lambert, and R. D. Orr should be capable of beating Scotland though not England, who will be able, naturally, to muster her strongest available team.

Miss Murray
Holder, with Miss Lucas, of the Badminton Ladies' Doubles Championship

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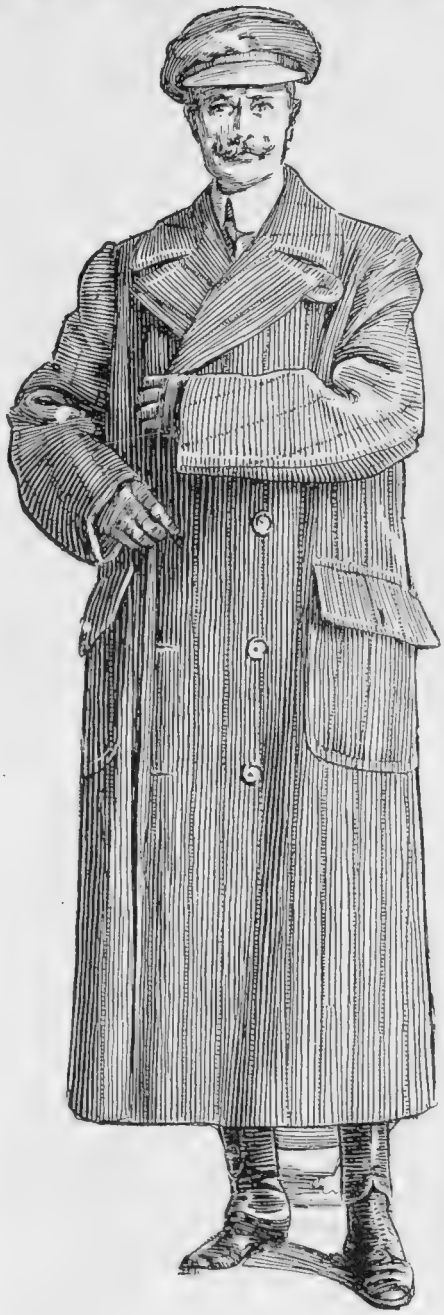

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THE 'VARSITY HOCKEY MATCH

A Very Near Thing

As in the Soccer match on the previous Saturday, the difference between Oxford and Cambridge at the finish of the Hockey match at Beckenham was only a goal, though the winners this time were Oxford instead of Cambridge. Moreover, just as Cambridge were a bit lucky to win the Soccer, so, in the hockey match, there was just room for a doubt whether Ball, the Oxford captain, was not offside when he hit their fifth, and (as it turned out) winning, goal. However, the referee didn't think so. Another coincidence was that in last year's match Cambridge were leading up to within a quarter of an hour of time by 3 goals to 2, and were ultimately beaten by 6—3, while this year they were leading again in the second half by 3—2, and were ultimately beaten by 5—4. With the exception of A. F. Leighton, the Cambridge captain, whose abilities as a forward were as conspicuous as ever and by whom three out of Cambridge's four goals were hit, there was no exceptional cleverness displayed, but on both sides forwards and backs alike were fast, enterprising, and keen. R. W. Poulton, the Oxford Rugger Blue, was very good at centre-forward, particularly in the second half, and made one fine run which led up to Oxford's third goal, and proved the turning point of the match. Behind him Parsons and Leese, at half, were excellent, and both J. C. M. Lowe, the cricket Blue, and R. O. Lagden, the Rugby Blue, were very sound at back; Lowe was about the coolest man on the field, and fed his forwards accurately. For Cambridge the goalkeeper was uneven; he seemed rather too fond of running out, though once at least he saved an almost inevitable score by so doing. Atkin, at back, got through a tremendous amount of work, and Bellerby, the high-jumper, distinguished himself greatly at half, while, after Leighton, Thompson was, perhaps, the best of the forwards.

The 'Varsity Hockey Match: Oxford's Fourth Goal

This goal was scored in an extraordinary way, the goal-getter jumping the outstretched legs of the Cambridge goalkeeper and one of the backs, and putting the ball through one-handed. Oxford won the match by 5 goals to 4

RACING: Soldiers at Sandown. By CARBINE

The Grand Military Meeting

To many the very name of the meeting has almost a magical sound. It is the jolliest, most sporting meeting of the winter season. Excepting for the hunting-field, the social crowd have few opportunities of foregathering in the open during the cold months, but the Grand Military gives them one of those chances, and with anything like decent weather we shall see the usual fashionable muster at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday. Everyone is glad that the fixture is still at Sandown; it seemed something like sacrilege to talk of taking the meeting away from the old course. People tell you every year that the riding at the Grand Military is not what it used to be; but I fancy that is all rubbish. Horsemen like Messrs. Banbury, Dermot McCalmont, O'Brien Butler, Captain Paynter, and the brothers de Crespigny could be expected to hold their own against half a dozen of the old days.

Will the King Win the Cup?

What excitement and delight if he does. Bahadur, who carries the Royal colours, was not quite good enough to do the trick last year, but you will remember that he beat everything except Sprinkle Me. Well, he has got to tackle the latter again on Friday. Bahadur has now a slight advantage in the weights in comparison with last year. I think Sprinkle Me is hardly so good as he was then, and if Bahadur has made only a small improvement he ought to win this much-coveted prize for His Majesty.

Selections

Of course, Mr. McCalmont will have a cut at the Gold Cup. In the words of a well-known advertisement, he won't be happy till he gets it. But the young Hussar has nothing better to ride than he had last year, and I do not see how he can expect to get nearer to winning, though many good wishes will go with him in the race. Old Leinster is surely a bit "past it." In short, I hope to see Major Campbell ride **Bahadur** to success, and SPRINKLE ME is my second string. As for other events at Sandown, I do not perceive what is to beat **Jerry M.** in the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase on Thursday. On the concluding day **Broadside** is my selection for the Imperial Hurdle Race, and one of Mr. McCalmont's horses will probably take the Grand Military Steeplechase.

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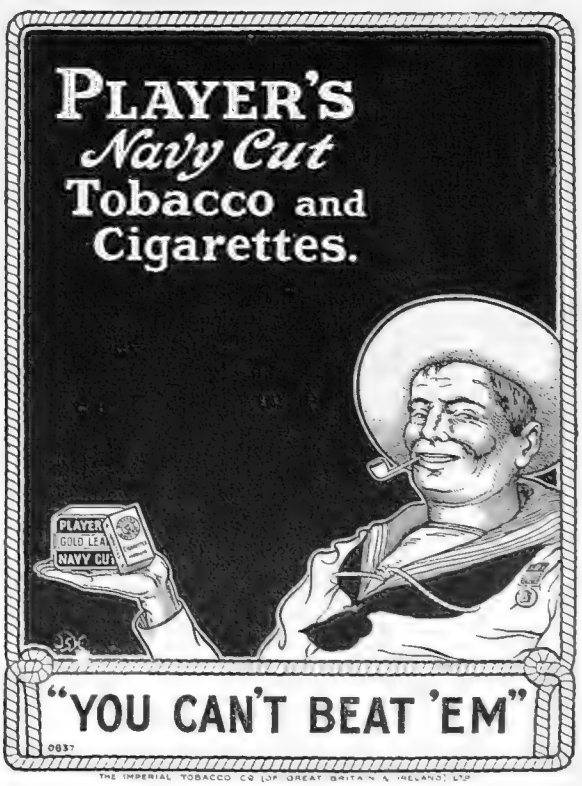

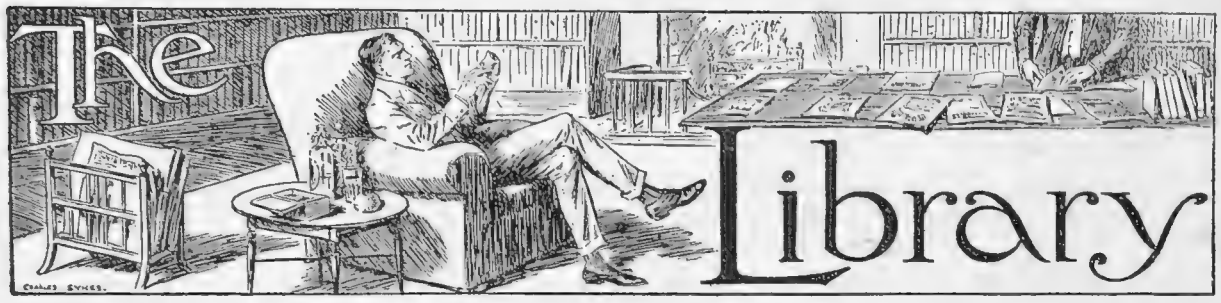

The Woes of a Home Secretary

In *The Home Secretary*, by Wilmot Kaye (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*), the author depicts the trials and tribulations, together with the love story, of a Labour Member of Parliament, Richard Lamb by name, who has been appointed to the Home Secretaryship. He is attacked and wounded in his house in London by an infuriated mob, which looks upon him as the cause of the death of some strikers who have been shot down by the military. To add to his troubles, the Labour Leader in the House, who seems to be under the impression that the new Home Secretary has not done all that he might for his former allies, gets hold of a leaf from his past life, and means to use it for party purposes. It is truly said that it never rains but it pours, for it turns out that Lamb's pretty lady secretary, whom he rescued from the streets she wandered, destitute and homeless, is none other than the long-lost daughter of a peer. Of course, Lamb has conceived a great affection for the girl, which quickly strengthens when he learns that he must part with her, for her father won't hear of a marriage between the two. Lamb is his lordship's pet aversion, for does not he hold the love of the woman the latter is to marry? But enough! I will only add that this rather breathless story ends happily. The aforementioned leaf in the Home Secretary's life is proved to be clean and white, upon the confession of one Jim Wright, who, when dying in hospital, makes a written statement to the effect that he himself committed the murder which he had previously attributed to Lamb. So the Labour Home Secretary marries the Earl's daughter, and, let us hope, eventually becomes Prime Minister. He certainly deserves to.

Old Print of Twining's Famous Tea-House in the Strand, which has just Celebrated its Bicentenary

Of the forty or fifty Tea-Houses which existed at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign between St. Paul's Churchyard and Charing Cross, Twining's alone remains. Queen Anne appointed Thomas Twining in 1711 to be her "purveyor of teas," and every British Sovereign who has reigned since has followed her example

Arabella Kenealy's Latest

A few words taken from a passage in *King Edward Intervenes*, by Arabella Kenealy (John Long: 6*s.*), will fairly adequately describe the novel. The words referred to are to be found in the hero Trafford's reflection that "corpses, vanishing murderers, Russian Princes . . . had been strung into a rather cheap melodrama." I will not insist upon the qualifying "cheap," for the author has done her work extremely well, but of the melodrama there is no doubt whatever. The doings up at the Moat House would keep Scotland Yard well employed, and the reader will get his full meed of sensations. As is common in stories of this kind, there is a sense of unreality not to be overcome, and it is hard to swallow the chapter wherein King Edward pays a visit to the supposed Russian Royalty who have taken the Moat House. But still, considering the large public that likes its literature served in a series of thrills, Miss Kenealy's latest book should enjoy a wide sale.

A New Empire Paper

I have received a copy of the *Empire Gazette* for February, a new monthly published in connection with the British Empire Agency, which has for its laudable objects the bringing of our oversea States into closer touch with the Mother Country, and, as far as possible, consolidating the Empire commercially. The paper, which is priced at threepence, is well got-up, and illustrated with interesting photographs. There are, among others, articles on fruit farming in British Columbia, the Egyptian Soudan, and British East Africa. On page 22 of the *Gazette* are to be found outlined the main objects of the British Empire Agency, Ltd.

R. M.

The Bicentenary of the House of Twining

On the occasion of the bicentenary of the famous Tea-House of Twining, the present representatives, all of them descendants of the original founder, Thomas Twining, have published a book, in which is briefly set out a variety of interesting information connected with the annals of their famous business. Hook, Hood, and Barham have all in turn written epigrams on the subject of Twining's, the best known of which is probably the oft-quoted lines of the first-named:

"It seems in some cases kind Nature hath planned
That names with their callings agree,
For Twining the Teaman that lives in the Strand
Would be 'wining' if deprived of his 'T.'"

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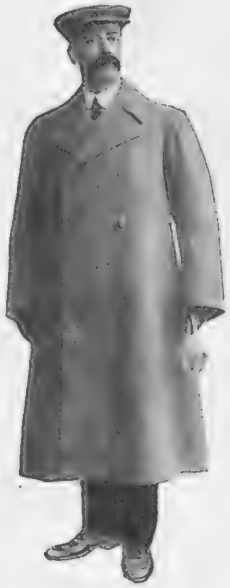

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In Three Strengths. The Blend that made us famous.

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Blended from the finest leaf procurable

All the Best Tobacconists supply the above, but should you have any difficulty send stamps to the amount for Samples to the Manufacturers:

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"MELANYL" THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK

IN ONE BOTTLE.

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority. Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless.

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A Nickel Linen Stretcher is now given away with each 1s. bottle.

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COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, LTD.

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GROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.

In constant use for the past 120 years.

The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of

BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."

The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN., 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.

"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary. "Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad

Price 4/- per bottle. Sole Wholesale Agents—

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Paris: Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.

New York: Fougera & Co., 90, Beekman Street.

MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Latest Application of the Self Mover
Convertible car and motor-sleigh described in the text

Royal Appreciation

Concurrently with the permission accorded by the King for the erewhile Aero Club to be henceforward known as the Royal Aero Club a great fillip is noticeable in aviation affairs. To Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, F.R.G.S., must be ascribed the credit of putting the claims of aviators more immediately under the Royal notice, and in a communication from Sir Henry Cunningham, of the Home Office, an intimation of His Majesty's pleasure has been conveyed. The new R.A.C., which numbers over a thousand members, was founded on September 24, 1901, by Mr. Hedges Butler as the direct result of a successful balloon voyage undertaken in company with his daughter—now Mrs. Iltid Nicholl—and the Hon. C. S. Rolls. Probably the intrepid voyagers on that historic occasion had but a faint idea of what the next decade would do for the advancement of the science and art of aviation, but to their enthusiastic enterprise and consistent support much of the progress that has been made in the art of flying is most assuredly due. Mr. Hedges Butler, who is distinguished in many departments of human endeavour, is, perhaps, best known to motorists as the first hon. treasurer of the Royal Automobile Club, of which he is a founder member, and as a keen and practical motorist since he took part in the first extended tour in 1898, and competed with signal success in the famous thousand miles trial of 1900.

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*
Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, F.R.G.S., Founder of the Royal Aero Club
He founded the Aero Club on September 24, 1901, together with his daughter and the Hon. C. S. Rolls. He has just obtained the King's consent to the club being called the "Royal" Aero Club. It was during a balloon voyage at 5,000 feet that Mr. Butler suggested its formation. There are now over a 1,000 members

Coming Events

With the advent of spring automobilists who affect land, sea, and sky will find increasing opportunities for the indulgence of their favourite pastimes. The Brooklands executive are putting forward an attractive programme for their Easter meeting, and there are the usual "meets" and "runs" arranged by most of the leading provincial clubs. Motor-boat and yachting enthusiasts will be flocking to Monaco for the International Sports Club races, entries for which closed at midnight on February 28. Olympia, from March 11 to 19, will be the scene of the Aeroplane and Motor-Boat Exhibition, organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers, and to this function the King has graciously accorded his patronage, and there are many other interesting items in the list of fixtures to come, which may be referred to in their recurring season.

THE "CHALLENGE" REINFORCED TUBE (PNEUMATIC). Will not burst, heat, or nip, and will double the life of covers. Apply for section and particulars.—REINFORCED INNER TUBE COMPANY, 218, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

For long wear—rough wear or trying climatic conditions

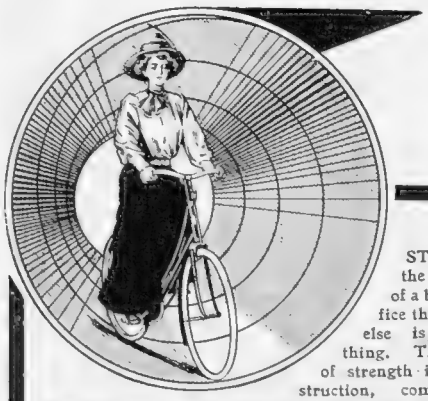
There is no stronger or more efficient tyre made than the PIRELLI tyre. It will give satisfaction on the most impassable roads or the roughest tracks, in snow, ice, or rain. PIRELLI tyres have been known to last 20,000 kilometres under the severest wear. Made from pure rubber by highly skilled labour. Try them once you will use them always.

PIRELLI TYRES

PIRELLI Challenge Reinforced Tubes are stronger than ordinary tubes and prolong the life of the tyre, minimise punctures, prevent bursts or cutting, they not only form an air chamber but an important auxiliary to the cover.

PIRELLI CHALLENGE REINFORCED TUBES.

If your dealer does not stock PIRELLI Tyres, write for name of nearest Agent.



STRENGTH is the first essential of a bicycle. Sacrifice that, and nothing else is worth anything. The very acme of strength in cycle construction, combined with splendid speed qualities, is attained in the latest models of

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HELICAL TUBING is an exclusive Premier feature, and consists of bars of bright-rolled, high-carbon steel, cut into lengths diagonally, and coiled spirally by a special process. The elastic strength thus obtained gives to PREMIER HELICAL MODELS a durability that justifies serene confidence.

"Helical" Models from £8 15s.
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PREMIER CYCLE CO., LTD.,
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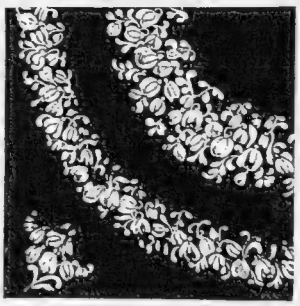
AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

SALE OF CAPPER'S STOCK OF FINE HOUSEHOLD LINEN AT BARGAIN PRICES.

A Typical Bargain.



Design No. 160.

Irish Hand-Loom Double Damask Cloths and Napkins

Snowdrop design.

	Size about	Usual Price.	Sale Price.
Napkins	27 x 27 inches	37/6 doz.	18/6 doz.
Cloths	2 x 2 yards	17/6 each.	8/9 each.
,,	2 x 2¼ ,,	21/6 ,,	10/9 ,,
,,	2¼ x 2¾ ,,	31/6 ,,	15/9 ,,
,,	2¾ x 3 ,,	37/6 ,,	18/6 ,,

The Sale of the above Stock of Household Linens and Table Damask will terminate on Saturday, March 12th. Many wonderful Bargains in Fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, Linen and Cotton Sheets, Fancy Linens, Tea Cloths, Dusters, etc., also Handkerchiefs, Curtains, and Blankets.

Detailed Illustrated Catalogue will be sent post free. Also Samples on Approval

Debenham & Freebody.
Successors to Capper, Son and Co.,
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

A Motor Sleigh

While winter yet lingers in the lap of spring a French motorist has contrived to convert his car for use as a self-propelled sleigh with great success. M. I. de la Besge, the gentleman in question, is a member of the Touring Club of France, and his ingenious contrivance, which is illustrated in this issue of THE BYSTANDER, consists of two propellers and four runners. The propelling toothed-wheels are chain-driven, and can be so regulated that they grip into the snow surface to the requisite depth. The runners are so affixed to the axles that they oscillate longitudinally and act as shock-absorbers over uneven tracks. To reconvert the car takes half an hour, the runners being removed and the propelling wheels raised clear of the ground, the ordinary road wheels being then affixed to the axles.

Mr. H. S. Foster, M.P. for Lowestoft

Is a Londoner by birth, and was educated at the City of London School. He had rendered auspicious service to London as a member of the London School Board and the London County Council, and as a Sheriff of London in 1891-2. He sat for Lowestoft from 1892 to 1900, when he did not again stand. He is a Commissioner of the Peace for Suffolk, of which he is also a Deputy Lieutenant, and he is one of His Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London. He is also Consul-General of Persia in London, a post he has filled for sixteen years. Mr. Foster is the Managing Director for Renard Road Train Corporation and of Pneumatic (1910), Limited, and is a keen motorist

Miscellanea

It will surprise many to hear that when the majority of Britons were first opening their eyes at the exploits of the Wright brothers a well-known English automobile engineer, Mr. Charles Lane, had completed and satisfactorily tested a flying-machine characterised by a stability, facility of direction, and freedom from complication quite unique in their way. His machine is closely resembled by the Blériot, although the Lane all-British flier embodies several little refinements absent from the better-known French machine. Mr. Lane has floated a Company to run his inventions — Lane's British Aeroplanes, Ltd. With offices at 20, Victoria Street, Westminster, and Col. F. O. Le Marchand as secretary, the Company is going ahead in great style.

If you want a 4-cyl. 15-18 h.-p. Chassis at £175, with dual ignition, quiet running, easy to drive, and with 3 years' guarantee, investigate the "BEDFORD."

General C. Milo Spitzer, U.S.A., is the owner of two six-cylinder Napiers. General Spitzer, although an American, prefers the six-cylinder Napier because it is the best.

AS OTHERS SEE THE BEDFORD

4-cyl., Type XX., 15-18 h.p. Chassis, with Magneto Ignition.

£175

CHASSIS WITHOUT TYRES.

DON'T FORGET THE THREE YEARS' GUARANTEE.

BEDFORD MOTORS, Ltd., Bedford House, Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.

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CUT WOOD WITH YOUR RAZOR

and then shave with more comfort than you ever shaved before, by passing it a few strokes over the

CHEMICAL RAZOR SHARPENER

Lasts a Lifetime.

A New Invention.—Utilising chemically dissolved metal for sharpening, producing the finest edge and preserving the blade, adding years to its life.

A few strokes sharpen the dullest razor and all sorts of safety blades. The apparatus is quite simple, being mounted on a light steel adjustable frame with screw ebonite handle. Anyone can operate it, and no one who enjoys comfort in shaving can afford to be without it

Price 2/6, Post Free.

FREE TRIAL.

Any reader of this paper wishing to try this sharpener before buying, who will write us a postcard will receive one by return post. If you are pleased with the sharpener when you receive it you may send us the 2/6 and keep it. We do not wish your money until you are satisfied.

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"I am well pleased with the Breeches, Coat, and Vest, the fit being perfect"

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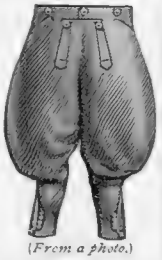

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A STORMPROOF LINED SLIPOVER. FOR ALL OUTDOOR PURPOSES. In RAIN or SHINE.

MODEL COAT, Car. Paid U.K., **30/-** Banker's or Trade References. 36 to 42in. chest over jacket.

Also Models at 35/-, 42/-, & 50/- OFFICERS & CIVILIANS ABROAD, AMERICANS & COLONIALS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS from **50/-**

Perfect Fit Guaranteed (from Self-measurement Form)

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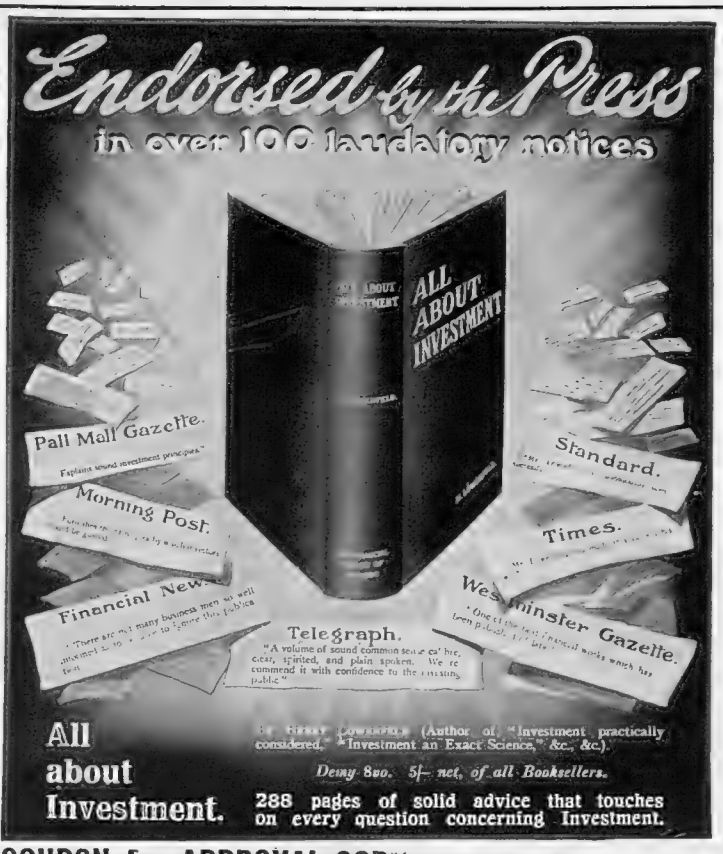
VISITORS TO LONDON are invited to leave record measures for future use, or can order & fit same day.

Estd. 20 years. 10 Gold Medals.



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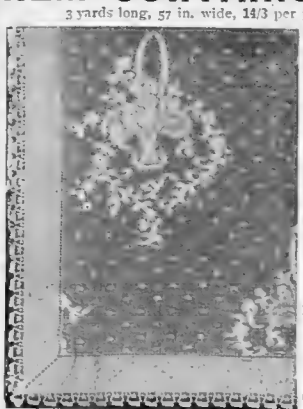
as illustrated

3 yards long, 57 in. wide, 14/3 per pair.



FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN CURTAINS

with New Hemstitch Frills, 9/3, Plain Frills, 6/9 per pair. Samples on approval.

Hemstitched Casement Curtains, Cretonnes, Taffetas, Linens, Chintzes, Tapestries, Blinds, Art Carpets, 6ft. by 9ft. 9/11.

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REAL HAMBURG GROUND

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NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

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Black Handle - - - - - - - -	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop - - - - - -	7/6
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Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

By MRS. JACK MAY

The narrow opening until recently accorded the door leading into exclusive modistic realms is being gradually widened, and a very entrancing procession of early spring *modes* is permitted to emerge from the sacred precincts. The first general impression of the new vogues only increases the opinion that the extravagant in dress is by no means on the wane, but a closer, more intimate scrutiny is, perhaps, rather more reassuring. Woe betide any rash exponent of fashion, however, if she hopes to arrive at the decreed silhouette under any but the most cultivated *couturière* hands. The small dressmaker will inevitably stumble sadly over the rocks and shoals of the intricate cut necessitated by those immaculately fitting long shoulder seams that gradually merge into an elbow-length sleeve, while the greatest ingenuity is called upon to arrive at a graceful hang of those *bouffant* tunics, girt into bands below the knees, and falling over extremely close-fitting, pleated, short—remarkably short, mark you—underskirts.

That there is a distinct wave in favour of picturesque styles, a recent display of spring and summer models, under eminently inspired auspices, leaves no shadow of doubt. When the united shoulder and sleeve is not in evidence, it is replaced by a folded *fichu mouvement*, resolving into the inevitable elbow-length *manch*, the latter frequently concluding in a little *plisse* frill, and the high collar-band has practically departed for the nonce, the neck of 99 per cent. of all smart afternoon and morning dresses finishing with a little hand-embroidered lawn or muslin collar.

The season's stuffs are particularly alluring, and there is every indication that stripes and very tiny checks are to take a leading place with woollen, cotton, and silken fabrics. With the first-named the stripe is usually effected by means of clever weaving, the same tone being maintained throughout, while again the effect will be achieved by means of a raised furrow line.

Several of the new taffetas are charming, and very excellent effects are being wrought by mingling a fancy material with a plain self-coloured silk. The sweetest little afternoon toilette was shown me the other day carried out on these lines, with a lavender, mauve, and white check *marquisette* and plain mauve *charmeuse*. The bodice, with its uncompromisingly flat shoulder-line, was cut into a small round *décolletage* below a chemisette of tucked ivory muslin that finished at the base of the neck, where a dear little frilled turn-over collar afforded the decreed artistic touch. The full tunic-skirt was gathered into an extremely deep hem of the *charmeuse*, and the elbow-length sleeves were finished with ruffles of the same ilk as the tucker.

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

The Tilted Toque

This creation has a *pouf* crown of coarse mesh oxidise net, set within a brim of pearl-pailletted lace, a white feather adorning the front at the right side

A fancy that is steadily gaining ground, and which, alas! spells more extravagance, is that of veiling a silken material with chiffon. The effect is delightful, and presents a shot or *changeant* appearance. The chiffon is not laid in folds, but drawn tight over the foundation, a procedure that adds a further *raison d'être* for its undoubted costliness. A draped or folded chiffon can stand a certain amount of steady wear, but a strained disposa', and good-bye to any fond hopes of longevity.

The Perth Dye Works

But when all is said and done about the extravagance of dress, we have certain compensations that go a very long way in enabling us to keep up the desired smart appearance. And most assuredly one of the leading measures is the invaluable service rendered by the Perth Dye Works.

The perfection to which this firm has brought the art of dyeing and cleaning places them on a sphere

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 326.—Vol. XXV. Wednesday, March 2, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — **HAMPTON & SONS** — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

COUNTRY PROPERTIES FOR URGENT SALE.

HAMPTON AND SONS beg to announce that nearly all the PROPERTIES offered by them to AUCTION during 1909 were DISPOSED OF, the following being the only ones now remaining UNSOLD, and these can now be secured on reduced terms by immediate purchasers.

(Continued on page iv)

"DRAXMONT."

WIMBLEDON HILL.—TUDOR RESIDENCE. Hall, conservatory, billiard, 3 or 4 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, 11 or 12 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, usual offices. About 4½ acres of
DELIGHTFULLY SECLUDED GROUNDS,
lodge, stabling, and garage.

Also the RIDGE HOUSE, a very roomy house on highest point near the common. Hall, 3 reception rooms, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall. Tennis lawn and gardens.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, and High Street, Wimbledon Common.

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NEAR CRYSTAL PALACE, in the best part of this favourite suburb.—Comfortable HOUSE, with 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, principal and secondary staircases, 4 reception rooms, and ample offices. Detached stabling with man's rooms;
LOVELY GROUNDS OF OVER 2 ACRES.
—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

"CROSSWAYS," HINDHEAD.

LOVELY HASLEMERE.—BIJOU PROPERTY in glorious position.—Picturesque FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE. 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases, 3 reception, and a billiard room. Ample offices. Sloping gardens arranged in terraces.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"GLENDARROCH," CRANES PARK.

SURBITON HILL (in the highest part).—Freehold RESIDENCE, with 8 bed, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, hall, compact offices. Unusually good
GARDENS WITH OLD TREES.
—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

"UNDERMOUNT," BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

ON THE CLIFF'S EDGE.—Fine MARINE PROPERTY. Sumptuously fitted House, with 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, entrance and lounge halls, principal and secondary staircases, 4 reception and billiard rooms, winter garden, ample offices. Stabling and lodge, with 10 acres of grounds having long frontage to the cliffs. Sunniest and most equable climate in the South of England.—HAMPTON AND SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"THE CORNER COTTAGE," ST. MARGARET'S BAY

SOUTH COAST.—With uninterrupted sea views, and perfect quietude.—Unique Freehold RESIDENCE. Most bracing air, enviably placed on the coast in commanding position. Artistic design and decorations. 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath, principal and secondary staircases, private chapel, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, hall, loggia, winter garden, and ample offices. Quaintly displayed pleasure grounds. Site for stabling or garage.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"GROBY HOUSE," CROWBOROUGH BEACON.

ASHDOWN FOREST (near), 800ft. up, on sandy soil, Choice Freehold modern HOUSE, occupying the finest position in the South of England.
SUPERB VIEWS.
12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, principal and secondary staircases 3 reception rooms, billiard room, usual offices. Stabling for 4, with accommodation for married man. Charming grounds on a Western slope, in all about 5 acres.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"COUNDON COURT."

WARWICKSHIRE.—Beautiful PROPERTY. 20 bed and dressing rooms, baths, massive staircase, secondary ditto, hall with 2 galleries, suite of reception and billiard rooms; winter garden, and ample offices. A smaller House, cottages, lodges, stabling, and 57 acres. By order of the Executors of George Singer, Esq., deceased.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"THE PRIORY," TOTTERIDGE.

ON THE HERTFORDSHIRE HILLS (1 hour out).—Intensely interesting old FREEHOLD HOUSE, believed to date from Tudor times, carefully restored. 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases, hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, and good offices, including servants' hall. Stabling, cottage, farmery. Lovely garden full of roses; 5½ acres.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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WITHIN 3 HOURS OF TOWN, G.N. RY., M. RY., L. & N.W. RY.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, a solidly built MANSION, replete with every modern convenience, including

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

It is well placed in an Estate of 120 acres, and contains: vestibule and inner hall, noble suite of reception rooms, 24 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 20 horses; there are finely timbered pleasure grounds, ornamental water, etc.; good hunting and polo.

VERY MODERATE RENT.

—Detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

JUST OVER THE HOUR FROM TOWN.

IN AN ENTIRELY SECLUDED POSITION.

400FT. ABOVE THE SEA. SANDY SOIL.

LODGE. STABLING FOR 2.

KENT (amidst the finest scenery in the Home Counties, near a picturesque village, and within easy reach of 2 golf courses). — To be SOLD, an attractive ivy-clad and gabled RESIDENCE, delightfully situated, approached by carriage drive 250 yards long with lodge entrance: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, and complete domestic offices; stabling for 2; tennis and other lawns, 2 paddocks, in all about 4 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,549)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

ABOUT 50 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY COMFORTABLE HOUSE, as above, to be LET, beautifully Furnished. Part of the house dates back to 1594; it stands about 400ft. above sea level, in a well-timbered park, and contains: entrance hall, fine central hall (37ft. by 22ft.), with old oak gallery staircase, 5 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 11 horses, with 2 cottages. The pleasure grounds are noted for the magnificent timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns; sand soil.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (F 1,453)

CAMBRIDGESHIRE, NEAR CHATTERIS.

GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE AND STUD FARM.

TO BE SOLD, with or without a first-rate stud farm of over 100 acres, a picturesque gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. The Property will be sold with the grounds and 10 acres of pasture-land only or with the farm and stabling for nearly 100 horses.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,865)

IN A GLORIOUS POSITION, 650FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

1 MILE OF WALTON HEATH GOLF COURSE.

SURREY. — To be SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive ¼ of a mile long through a beautiful wood. Accommodation: 6 reception, 13 bedrooms, and usual offices; beautifully timbered grounds, and productive kitchen garden; ample stabling, lodge, etc.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,330)

AMIDST PINE WOODS.

400FT. HIGH, ON DRY, SANDY SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, this attractive creeper-clad RESIDENCE, the acme of modern comfort, lighted by

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT,

and containing: 9 bedrooms and bathroom, 3 large reception rooms,

LOUNGE HALL (30FT. by 17FT.), PANELLED IN OAK,

servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 4 horses, 6-roomed cottage; thoroughly matured grounds, 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, rose gardens, etc., in all 4 acres.—Photos with KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,550)

CLOSE TO THE WHADDON CHASE KENNELS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

A FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, quite up to date in every way, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; good stabling and cottage; pleasure grounds and paddocks, etc.—Inspected by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

THE SUMMER SEASON.

ONE OF THE MOST HISTORICAL RESIDENCES on the river to be LET for a few months; electric light, and all conveniences.—Photos with KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST.

HUNTING. FISHING. GOLF.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 70 acres, with the above moderate-sized RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent views: 6 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, and usual offices; stabling for 14; motor-house and pit; ample cottages; gas is laid on; modern drainage; lovely old lawns; shrubberies, peach-house, vinery, glasshouses, etc.; forest shooting licence can be obtained; golf and fishing; village 1 mile distant.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,973)

50 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.

DELIGHTFUL VIEWS OF THE LEITH HILL RANGE, BOXHILL, AND THE DORKING VALLEY.

TO BE SOLD, a finely timbered RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 177 acres, comprising an old House of

ABOUT THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,

surrounded by magnificently timbered grounds and parklike lands of 177 acres, through which it is approached by a long avenue of forest trees, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: entrance and inner halls, 5 reception rooms of excellent dimensions, 24 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7 horses, with coach-houses, etc., and coachman's cottage; the grounds are quite a feature, the large extent of woodlands providing delightful walks; lakes affording boating and trout fishing.—Plan and detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,442)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

SOUTHERN HOME COUNTY (in a district renowned for its beautiful scenery, 400ft. above sea, on loam and sandstone).—The above delightful RESIDENCE to be SOLD. It contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, and offices; stabling for 4; charming pleasure grounds, gardens, orchard, and woodlands of OVER 15 ACRES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,069)

HERTS AND BEDS BORDERS (under an hour from Town, close to the town of Luton).—For SALE, a valuable CORN and SHEEP FARM of 287 acres; good old pasture, wood, down, and sound arable land; capital farmhouse, excellent and adequate buildings. Some of the land, from its proximity to Luton, will increase in value for building purposes in the near future; nominal outgoings. Moderate price.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,897)

NEWBURY (near).—Desirable small ESTATE of 77 ACRES for SALE, price £3,500. In a high and beautiful situation, with fine views over the Highclere Hills. Good farmhouse, buildings, 2 thatched cottages; 30 acres arable, 41 pasture, 4 woodland; small outgoings; property exceptionally well placed for the erection of a large house.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,464)

HERTS (near HITCHIN).—£2,500 only for a capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 11 acres, with stabling for 7, 2 cottages, farmery, inexpensive well-timbered grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and grassland: 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; 2 miles from station; hunting, golf. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,589)

CHILTERN HILLS (in a favourite residential district UNDER 1 HOUR from London by excellent service of trains on several lines of railway).—To be SOLD, or LET, FURNISHED, the above picturesque, DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, standing high but sheltered, in lovely grounds and well-timbered miniature park: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 15 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, and good offices; excellent stabling; men's rooms, cottage, etc.; beautiful old lawns, matured gardens, orchard, etc.; hunting with fox and stag-hounds; golf links near.—Full particulars WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,829)

HANTS (near Andover).—£3,500 will PURCHASE a Bijou JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE with a FARM of 127 ACRES. Lovely part of the country; high and healthy, with good views. House in excellent order: 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices; carriage drive approach; pleasure and kitchen gardens, meadow-land, farm-buildings, etc.; hunting with 3 packs; good shooting district. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,147)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HANTS AND BERKS BORDERS.
IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF NEWBURY.

"KINGSCLERE HOUSE,"

KINGSCLERE (contiguous to the Downs, and within an easy motor ride of Newbury and Basingstoke).

This delightful RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY extends to about 17 ACRES.

The PICTURESQUE, OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, as above, stands about 330ft. above sea level, in a sheltered position, amidst finely timbered parklike land, and is approached by 2 carriage drives. It contains: lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, conservatory, about 16 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 2 bathrooms, and good domestic offices.

Exceptionally fine stabling for 8 horses, motor garage, 3 cottages, etc.

Delightful old-world grounds, with ornamental water and spacious lawns, productive gardens, with necessary glasshouses, and about 12 acres of parkland; ample water supply, no pumping; electrically lighted, and in faultless condition throughout.

About 2,000 acres of first-class shooting, and additional land, now rented, can be had if required; golf links 3 miles distant; easy distance of Newbury racecourse; trout fishing on the Property; hunting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

are instructed to OFFER this CHOICE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY for DISPOSAL by PRIVATE TREATY, and, failing a sale, to OFFER it by AUCTION in the SPRING.

Offices, 10, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

OLD QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE.

GLOUCESTER AND WORCESTER BORDERS.—For SALE at £1,250: 4 sitting rooms, 12 bedrooms; walled garden and orchard, IN ALL 3 ACRES; stabling for 3.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,993)

GUILDFORD DISTRICT.

THIS CHARMING BIJOU HOUSE FOR SALE.—Gravel soil; about 250ft. high; capital repair; sunny aspect. 4 or 5 acres; fishing in grounds; old-world gardens with old trees; near golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,054)

HERTS, BETWEEN ST. ALBANS AND HARPENDEN.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF SALE of an exceedingly attractive RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE known as

"FLAMSTEADBURY,"

comprising some of the best agricultural land in the county, and including an exceedingly comfortable Manorial Residence, standing upwards of 400ft. above sea level, and eminently suitable for the occupation of a gentleman who is also interested in agricultural pursuits. There is an extensive farmstead designed and arranged on the most approved modern principles, and affording every accommodation for pedigree live stock. The Property also comprises a compact agricultural holding known as GREENLANDS FARM, with capital farmhouse and buildings. The Estate, which extends over about

745 ACRES,

affords excellent partridge and ground game shooting.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION during the early summer unless previously sold privately.

Particulars of Messrs. GREENFIELD and CRACKNALL, Solicitors, 3, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C. or the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

WEST HILL, PUTNEY.

ON THE HIGH GROUND NEAR PUTNEY HEATH AND WIMBLEDON COMMON (about 15 minutes' walk from Putney Station, 7 minutes from East Putney Station, and about 5 miles from Hyde Park Corner).—The above substantially built and exceedingly desirable FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, known as

"STONE HOUSE,"

standing well back from the road, approached by a carriage sweep, and containing: 4 fine reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, and excellent offices; electric light; delightfully timbered old pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, and glasshouses, a small paddock, excellent motor accommodation, and first-class stabling for 8 horses, the whole comprising an area of about 3¼ acres; valuable frontages to West Hill and Gressenhall Road.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, April 5, 1910, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. PYKE, PARROTT and Co., Solicitors, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

IN A MAGNIFICENT POSITION.
GLORIOUS AND EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above beautifully positioned RESIDENCE, in the highest point in district, COMMANDING THE FINEST VIEWS in the South. Approached by carriage drive; lodge entrance: 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 4 horses; small farmery; EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS.
WELL-TIMBERED MINIATURE PARK OF 18 ACRES.
Tennis and croquet lawns, etc. ACETYLENE GAS.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO YACHTING MEN AND OTHERS.
OVERLOOKING SEA AND RIVER.
LOVELY DEVON (IN THE FINEST POSITION ON THE SOUTH COAST, ½ mile of sea and 300ft. above same).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice PROPERTY, with up-to-date Residence, HEATED THROUGHOUT and lighted by ACETYLENE GAS: 3 reception, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; lodge; cottage; stabling and motor-house. PRETTY GROUNDS, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, and land, in all 54 ACRES. Also second House, with 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; farmery. Property would be Sold as a whole, or Residence, stabling, lodge, cottage, and about 5½ acres would be Sold separately.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NORTH WALES COAST (Barmouth).—Beautifully sheltered position, high, magnificent views, charming gardens and grounds, 5 acres. Very well-furnished RESIDENCE to LET for 3 or 6 months: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling 2.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RIVER SEASON, 1910.

MESSRS. HARRODS (LTD.) have now a Representative residing in the centre of the
THAMES VALLEY DISTRICT,
and will supply particulars of all available Houses on receipt of requirements; or
PERSONALLY CONDUCT
applicants over suitable Properties.

HERTS (45 minutes from Euston, 5 MINUTES FROM SPLENDID GOLF LINKS).—Well-furnished RESIDENCE, in sunny position 550ft. above sea: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception, good hall; stabling; beautiful garden. To LET for long or short period.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,672)

EWELL, Surrey (5 minutes from station).—To be SOLD, or LET, a well-arranged and most conveniently placed RESIDENCE on rising grounds, overlooking NONSUCH PARK: carriage drive, entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing, bath, and good offices; pretty gardens, with lawn, flower garden, well-stocked kitchen garden, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE to LET for two months, with EXCLUSIVE FISHING ON RIVER TEST: 6 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall; stabling 2; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc., in all 5 acres.—All details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,559)

HERTS (1 HOUR OF LONDON).—To be SOLD,
MAGNIFICENT RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 1,300 ACRES.
LOVELY OLD MANSION with large lounge hall (60ft. by 50ft.), very lofty dining room (35ft. by 25ft.), drawing room, library, billiard room, morning, smoking, and gun rooms, 23 bedrooms, bathroom.
LODGE, DOWER HOUSE, about 20 COTTAGES.
Exceptionally good farm-buildings.
Good stabling.
—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE VIEWS
MALVERN WELLS.—Very comfortable RESIDENCE to LET, either Furnished or Unfurnished, situated high above road in sheltered position: 9 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms, good domestic offices; excellent stabling, with groom's rooms; pretty terraced gardens; good hunting.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RICKMANSWORTH (amidst the famous scenery of the Chess Valley, at the door of the Chiltern Hills, and on the excellent G.C.R.).—For SALE, privately or by Auction, on March 9 next,
A PRETTY COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE OLD-FASHIONED STYLE,
standing in lovely gardens, the special delight of the Vendor: 8 comfortable bed, bath, 3 reception rooms;

Tennis and croquet lawns.	A quaint sundial.	A rose walk "hard to beat."

WELL WORTH YOUR CONSIDERATION.
—Messrs. HARMAN and SONS, Solicitors, 232, Great Portland Street, W.; Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), Auctioneers, as above.

Telephone:

HAMPTON & SONS

37 Gerrard.

ESTATE AGENTS — AUCTIONEERS — VALUERS

COUNTRY PROPERTIES FOR URGENT SALE.

(continued from front page)

"BARMING HOUSE," MAIDSTONE.

KENT.—Imposing RESIDENCE. 14 beds, spacious entertaining rooms, ample offices. Stabling, cottage, and 10 acres of garden and paddock.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"WATERDALE," WATFORD.

HERTS.—HUNTING 5 OR 6 DAYS A WEEK. Choice little FREEHOLD PROPERTY, 250ft. above sea. 2 reception, bath, 4 best bedrooms (also 2 detached bedrooms for servants), and offices. Stabling for 12. Small farmery. Pretty and inexpensive pleasure grounds, orchard, parklike paddock, and woodlands, in all nearly 48 acres. Dry soil. Company's water.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"WAVENEY," CARSHALTON.

SURREY.—IMPORTANT FREEHOLD PROPERTY. Well-built House. 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, principal and secondary staircases, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, and good offices. Spacious garage. Grounds of 6½ acres, with valuable frontages to 2 old roads.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

"THE GABLES," BURNHAM BEECHES.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.—Old-fashioned HOUSE recently enlarged and greatly improved. 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, principal and secondary staircases, lofty billiard room, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, ample offices. Detached stabling, pleasure grounds of nearly 3 acres.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

"SUMMERLANDS," CURDRIDGE.

WINCHESTER (near).—Extremely attractive Property, including a well-built House. 11 bed and dressing rooms, turret room, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, ample offices, including servants' hall and dairy. Stabling for 3. Gardens and several choice building sites, in all about 40 acres.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

"FOREST HOUSE," ST. LEONARD'S FOREST.

SUSSEX (near express station and market town).—A FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, containing: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, principal and secondary staircases, halls, 4 reception rooms, complete offices. Detached stabling for 3, 2 cottages, laundry, farmery, pleasure gardens and grounds of about 30 acres in all. Fine position.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3 Cockspur St., S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

By Order of SIR WALTER GILBEY, Bart., in consequence of the Sale of the Property.

The CONTENTS of the MANSION, "CAMBRIDGE HOUSE," REGENT'S PARK, to be SOLD by AUCTION by

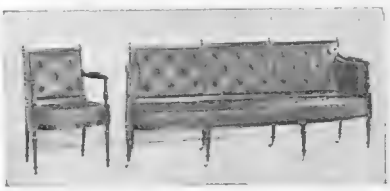
MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY, on the above premises, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, March 8, 9, and 10, at one o'clock precisely each day.

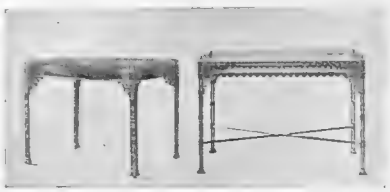
First Day, Tuesday, March 8.

An IMPORTANT COLLECTION of EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH FURNITURE, including excellent examples of HEPPLEWHITE, ADAM, SHERATON, and CHIPPENDALE, comprising an inlaid mahogany and satinwood side cupboard, painted in flowers, 3 Chippendale mahogany china cabinets with carved and fret ornamentation, a set of 6 Chippendale rail-back chairs, 23 carved mahogany dining-room chairs by Thomas Hope, a pair of Adam pedestals surmounted by classic urns, with carved drapery and mask decoration, settees and sets of ladder and camel-back, oval, laced, and rail-back chairs, a bow-fronted sideboard by Sheraton (9ft. wide), a Chippendale corner cabinet painted in classical subjects, a Sheraton upright pianoforte by William Southwell, in satinwood case, painted by Angelica Kauffman, R.A., beautiful carved, fret, and gallery top tables and screens, an antique Dutch marqueterie secretaire with fall-down front, a Louis XV. Kingwood ormolu-mounted writing-table, a Louis XIV. ormolu-mounted commode, a set of six Louis XVI. mahogany chairs, bookcases, bureaux, clothes presses, Sheraton wardrobes, dressing-tables, a pair of Old English carved gilt wall brackets, surmounted by eagles, a Sheraton marqueterie commode, Chippendale stools, shaped-top tables on tripods, candlestands, Hepplewhite and Adam mirrors, old tabor and flageolet organ by Clementi in mahogany satinwood case, Queen Anne and Sheraton toilet mirrors, a fine old miniature screen, and 2 pianofortes by Broadwood, etc.

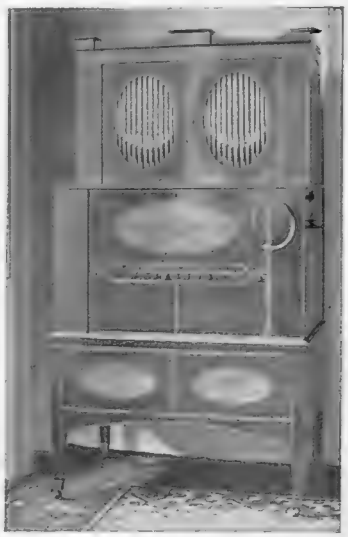
Second Day, Wednesday, March 9.

OLD FRENCH and ITALIAN BRONZE and SILVER FIGURES of CELEBRATED HORSES and Equestrian Subjects, by P. J. Mêne, Fratin, and Dressler, statuary, marble figures, choice plaster and terra-cotta models of well-known sporting characters by J. Willis Good, old coloured wax portrait reliefs by Percy, tassie gems and camei, a Copeland and Garrett dessert service, finely painted in sporting subjects, Spode newstone dessert service, painted flowers, in red and blue, a fine old Chinese bowl, painted hunting subjects, with Sèvres ormolu mounts, a pair of choice Sèvres bleu du roi fluted vases, decorated with gilt Triton handles (18in. high), painted portrait medallions, old blue John vases, an old Dresden écuelle and cover, painted in landscapes, with ormolu mounts, old powder-blue Nankin and other Chinese beakers and cloisonné, a Crown Derby service, old Continental and English porcelain in vases, figures, groups, tea, coffee, and dinner services, gold-mounted Sèvres, Old Dresden, and Battersea bonbonnières and snuff-boxes, the well-known collection of Old English china dogs' heads and fox masks, antique French, Dutch, and English marqueterie, mahogany and lacquer long case,





bracket and mantel clocks, a Louis XV. ormolu drum-shape clock, supporting Amorini, antique brass lantern clocks, old cut glass, Sheraton tea caddies, work and knife boxes, rare old sporting books, with plates, in whole calf, gilt, including "The Annals of Sporting," 13 vols.; "The Sporting



Magazine," 156 vols., from 1792—1870; a similar set, "Sporting Review," 18 vols.; and the "New Sporting Magazine," 30 vols.; 2 complete sets of Ackermann's "Repository of Art," coloured plates; "The English Spy," with Cruikshank's illustrations, 1825; "The Annals of Sporting," 1822—1828, coloured plates, 13 vols.; Ackermann's "History of Oxford and Cambridge, etc."; "Micrososm of London," coloured plates; a pair of old statuary marble lions (16in. high), a pair of marble figures of children, coins, Wedgwood plaques, and miscellanea.

Third Day, Thursday, March 10.

The CONTENTS of the BEDROOMS and DOMESTIC OFFICES, including Old English sideboards, a Chippendale and 2 Queen Anne bureau bookcases, dining-table, copper coal scuttle, wardrobes, dressing-tables, bureaux, chests, mirrors, washstands, linen chests, writing-tables, carpets, curtains, bedsteads, household china, glass, etc.

Public view on Saturday and Monday prior, March 5 and 7, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Private view, by cards only, on Thursday and Friday, March 3 and 4.

Illustrated catalogues (price 1s. each) may be obtained of the Solicitors, Messrs. BAILEYS, SHAW and GILLETT, 5, Berners Street, W.; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: Victoria, 2560 (3 lines)

F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT, 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

22,000 ACRES SHOOTING AND GOOD FISHINGS.

THIS GRAND OLD SCOTCH BARONIAL HALL, near the Kyles of Bute, to be LET, Furnished, with shootings extending to about 22,000 acres of moor and hill ground, with some arable land, and well supplied with woods and sheltered corries, forming a compact deer forest and grouse moor.

The Castle occupies a magnificent position, commanding unrivalled views, and contains some 6 public rooms, picture gallery, 24 bed and dressing rooms, ample service quarters, extensive cellarage; excellent stabling accommodation, and 2 cottages; electric light and telephone installation.

Game bag for 1909: Grouse, 1,115; black game, 29; pheasants, 139; woodcock, 63; snipe, 24; pigeon, 8; wild fowl, 2; hares, 3; rabbits, 1,542; stags, 16. Total, 2,941.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (N 2,501)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD HISTORICAL TUDOR MANSION is now available, Furnished. It stands in a grandly timbered park in a favourite part of Surrey, and contains: banqueting hall with musicians' gallery, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, some 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling accommodation for 10 horses, coach-house, garage for 3 cars; 2 cottages, 3 lodges, etc.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 662)

HERTS.—To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, this very picturesque Jacobean COTTAGE RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, oak staircase with minstrels' gallery, 7 or 10 bedrooms, etc.; there is a first-class range of stabling, and coachman's cottage, etc.; the grounds of 15 acres are shaded by fine old trees; gardener's cottage; sand and gravel soil.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,045)

IN THE HEART OF THE PINE COUNTRY

SURREY (between Frimley and Camberley).—To be SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, very secluded and surrounded by most picturesque lawns and shady paths; finely wooded carriage drive to house; 300ft. above sea level: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath, usual offices; 3 acres of charming grounds. Price, £1,900.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,087)

FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSES REQUIRED IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

BY

F. J. RONALD,

72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Who, on application, will supply "FORM FOR PARTICULARS."

WEEK-END COTTAGE ON THE RIVER.

£800 WILL PURCHASE the above old COTTAGE, recently modernised, standing on outskirts of old-world village, and containing: hall, dining room with open red-brick grate, drawing room, conservatory, usual offices, 7 bed and dressing rooms, white porcelain bath (h. and c.), gravel soil, good fishing, pretty garden.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,003)

IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

BRECONSHIRE.—Picturesque, old-fashioned MANOR HOUSE, commanding extensive views over the beautiful valley of the Usk: large square hall, inner hall, dining room, drawing room, library, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4 horses; 25 acres of park, and shooting over 900 acres; also excellent trout fishing. To be LET at a moderate Rent.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,532)

IN THE WEALD OF KENT (1½ miles from station).—To be LET, on LEASE, above HISTORICAL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE, possessing quantity of rich carving. Approached by drive through an Elizabethan pillared gateway. Contains: hall, oak-panelled smoking room with Jacobean mantel, panelled morning and drawing rooms, dining room, hall and billiard room, 2 staircases, 13 bed and dressing rooms; extensive stabling, and 6-roomed cottage; grounds contain magnificent timber, and comprise 5 acres; acetylene gas, Co.'s water.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,074)

WITHIN ½ HOUR OF THE CITY.
BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND BOTANIC GARDEN.
OPPOSITE GOLF LINKS. BILLIARD ROOM.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be LET or SOLD, owing to death of owner, the above most attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, designed by the celebrated architect, Norman Shaw, standing in beautiful pleasure grounds of nearly 5 acres, at an elevation of about 450ft., and commanding extensive views over the surrounding country. The accommodation comprises: on the ground floor—entrance halls, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, morning room, lavatory, domestic offices, and fitted laundry; and on the first floor, which is approached by main and secondary staircases—8 bedrooms and a dressing room, bathroom, 2 heated linen cupboards, etc.; gas and water laid on; conservatories and vineries entered from hall; every known variety of rhododendron is represented in the garden; well-planted carriage drive.

SMALL ORNAMENTAL LAKE AND BOATHOUSE.

2 tennis lawns, paddock, plantation, very fine orchard, and well-stocked kitchen garden. There are excellent

GOLF LINKS

immediately opposite the Property; station and telegraph office, ½ mile; picturesque church and village, ¼ mile.

Inspected and very strongly recommended by F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,363)

IN THE HEART OF THE NEW FOREST.

HANTS.—For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished, this exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, which has been

PERSONALLY INSPECTED.

Accommodation comprises: lounge hall with fireplace, 3 reception rooms, fine carved oak staircase, 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 9 horses, 2 coach-houses, with men's rooms over, 2 cottages, etc.; the grounds of 8 acres are of a parklike nature; South aspect; gravel soil; golf links within ½ mile; hunting 6 days a week.

Price for Freehold, £7,000.

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A MIRACLE-WORKING RECIPE

How to Nurse Poor-Looking Hair Back to Health and Beauty.

THREE SPLENDID TOILET ACCESSORIES FOR WEAK AND FALLING HAIR THAT YOU MAY TRY FREE OF EXPENSE.

Your hair won't get better as, say, a cold does, of its own accord.

It needs immediate and skilful attention.

In other words, it requires "Harlene Hair-Drill."

In over a million homes now you will find men and women making "Harlene Hair-Drill" an important feature of the morning toilet, and thousands whose hair has been gradually growing thinner, or weaker, or more brittle, or losing colour, or suffering from any of the many disorders to which human hair is heir, are to-day returning thanks to the discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the restoration of their hair to health and vigour and a beautiful appearance once more.

To-day Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal hair specialist, to whose patience, experience, and ingenuity the world owes the discovery of this wonderful system of hair hygiene, is still patriotically distributing free trial packages of "Harlene" and the other accessories of "Hair-Drill" among the men and women of this country.

"But in the case of 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' only a few minutes are necessary each day if my instructions are conscientiously carried out. By means of the 'Harlene Hair-Drill' new hair will grow in a thick and vigorous growth upon all bald or sparsely covered places, whilst that continual 'falling out' of the hair will soon entirely cease.

"In the second place, both the hair and the scalp must be thoroughly cleansed and shampooed once a week with a shampoo-powder specially prepared for that purpose—one that contains no ingredients that will injure the stamina of the hair itself or injuriously affect the general health of the person who uses it. Such a preparation I have discovered in 'Cremex,' which is at once cleansing, refreshing, stimulating, and invigorating to the scalp and the hair. This shampoo-powder is especially destructive to the accumulation of dust, dandruff, and to the formation of 'scales,' and is especially suitable for the use of women and children."

Read this article and you will see and understand why you should never attempt to dress your hair by dipping your hair-brush in water—especially tap water—as it contains mineral and other matters and solutions which destroy the hair. Further, you can read here how you can obtain a package containing everything you will require to carry out a week's test of a method of taking care of the hair, which to-day is used by almost a million persons.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Now, in order that every reader of THE BYSTANDER may test "Harlene Hair-Drill" without expense, this famous hair specialist—whose preparations for the scalp and hair are in the highest favour at all the leading Courts of Europe—is now making the following remarkable triple offer. To every applicant who encloses three penny stamps to cover cost of postage Mr. Edwards will at once despatch—

1. A large-sized trial bottle of Edwards' Harlene-for-the-Hair, each bottle containing a sufficient supply of this famous hair-tonic to enable the recipient to make a seven days' trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

2. Full instructions as to the correct and most resultful method of carrying out "Harlene Hair-Drill" by which you can banish greyness, baldness, scurf, and grow a luxuriant crop of new hair in a few weeks' time.

3. A package of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for the scalp, which is absolutely safe to use, contains no harmful ingredients, is most delightful and refreshing to use, cleanses the scalp from all scurf and dandruff, stimulates the hair-roots, and tones up the hair generally.

You can obtain the above trial package, as already stated, by applying through the post and enclosing three penny stamps for postage.

The practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill," by which every form of hair disorder or hair disease is quickly overcome, and new and better hair quickly grown, is by no means a difficult or tedious operation, for it only need occupy two minutes a day, or fourteen minutes a week. The hair will become thicker, glossier, stronger every day, and you will see and feel the improvement almost from the first or second application. You will feel a new and refreshing sense of vitality in the tissues of the scalp and the roots of your hair. Dull hair will become glossy, bright, and beautiful. Faded, grey hair will regain its natural colour. Thin hair will grow thick and luxuriant. Bald patches and places where the hair has become scanty will soon be covered with a growth of healthy hair at once soft, silky, and strong. Scurf and dandruff will quickly disappear. In short, hair-health will take the place of hair-sickness, hair-plenty the place of hair-penury.

You can quickly and easily prove this for yourself free of charge by accepting this generous offer now made by the discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

MIRACLE-WORKING RECIPE

Already Mr. Edwards has received hundreds upon hundreds of letters from ladies and gentlemen who have found in "Harlene Hair-Drill" the long-sought-for remedy for their hair troubles, and one of these may here be quoted as an example.

"For some time," wrote one lady, "I had been tempted to try 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' and I can only say I am glad of the day when your two-minute-a-day treatment was first tried by me. My hair was not only poor in quality and falling out in large quantities, but, to my horror, I also perceived that it was beginning to be sprinkled with grey (though I am only twenty-eight). To-day, however, it is plentiful and glossy and well coloured, while instead of falling out, it grows stronger and longer every day. I hope every woman who has any hair-troubles will try the 'Drill.' In my case it has wrought miracles."

Remember, then, as already stated at the outset of this announcement, that your hair, if it be weak, diseased, or falling out, will never cure itself, but requires daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" to make it grow lusty, strong, and vigorous. It is, perhaps, the most sensitive to treatment of any part of the human structure, and if neglected it quickly succumbs to its many enemies, fades in colour, becomes scurfy, thin, and brittle, gives up the struggle, and dies. All you have to do is to fill in the accompanying coupon, and send it, with three penny stamps, to Messrs. The Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and the package will be posted to you absolutely free. Should further supplies of "Harlene" be required, they can be obtained from chemists and stores all over the world at 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.*, or will be sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of postal order. Cremex may be obtained in a similar manner, in boxes of six for 1*s.*

A TOILET OUTFIT GIVEN FREE OF CHARGE TO READERS

A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS—A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE" —A PACKAGE OF "CREMEX"—ALL FREE.

Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

I will try one week's Harlene Hair-Drill, and accept your offer of free Instructions and Materials. I enclose 3*d.* in stamps for postage to any part of the world.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Bystander, March 2, 1910. ....

where rivalry is unknown. Nothing in this connection is impossible with them, and from the daintiest, most delicate fabrics they undertake to rejuvenate such heavy wares as sheepskin mats, hearth-rugs, and carpets. Indeed, the difficulty would be to find anything they would be incapable of handling, and anyone in the least doubt has only to consult the catalogue and price list issued by Messrs. Campbell, the presiding heads of this world-renowned establishment.

It may be safely left to the discretion of the expert hands at Perth whether the most delicate articles will require unpicking to ensure satisfaction during the process of dyeing or cleaning, and if desired they undertake to remake and return the goods ready for use at a very slight extra charge. Feathers, furs, and gloves all receive very special and particular attention, together with children's clothes of every description.

With the inevitable spring clean, however, monopolising a large share of every house-proud woman's attention at the present moment, the branch of the establishment devoted to furnishing fabrics claims prominent consideration. No matter how injured the colour of curtains may be from exposure to the sun, Messrs. Campbell will redip, clean, and return them as good as new, while their success with muslin and lace is phenomenal. The greatest care is taken of all goods placed in their keeping, and receiving offices are situated in all the principal towns and villages, where colour-cards can be seen, prices ascertained, and reliable advice obtained.

Truly does the firm of Messrs. Campbell and Co. materially assist in maintaining the health and happiness of home life, their splendid dyeing and cleaning system fighting a strenuous but victorious battle against germs and disease.

Photograph *Chéri-Rousseau et Etanch*

A Beautiful Teagown by Drécoll
Described on this page by Mrs. Jack May

A Teagown by Drécoll

The subject of our picture represents one of the most pressing modistic needs of the moment, a teagown of an artistic and beautiful order. The under-dress is of shadow taffetas, showing maize and mauve lights, over which falls a tunic of primrose *mousseline de soie*, bordered by a deep band of parti-coloured embroidery, touches of dull gold occurring about the *décolletage* and sleeves.

The Tilted Toque

More than half the success of the season's millinery rests on a *chic* poise, the side-tilt accounting in no small degree for the charming appearance of the *chapeau* illustrated. This, a creation of Camille's, boasts a *pouf* crown of coarse mesh oxidise net, set within a brim of pearl-pailletted lace, a soft, white feather-mount adorning the right side of front.

Savoy Theatre

The following cast has been engaged for *Two Merry Monarchs*, the new musical play to be produced at the Savoy on March 10: Miss Mayar Young, Miss Alma Barber, and Miss Daisy Le Hay, Mr. Roland Cunningham, Mr. Lennox Pawle, Mr. Robert Whyte, Junr., Mr. Leslie Stiles, Mr. Neville George, and Mr. C. H. Workman. The entire production is in the hands of Mr. Austen Hurgon. The orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Hamish McCunn.

A healthy Baby is a happy Baby—a bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap will make him both.

Protects from Infection.

4d. per Tablet.

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To Ensure White Teeth and Sound Gums, use

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

Prepared from Purely Vegetable Antiseptics.

Contains no Caustic Disinfecting Chemicals which are liable to affect the delicate tissues of the mouth and lips.

Tubes 1/- Pots 1/6 & 2/6

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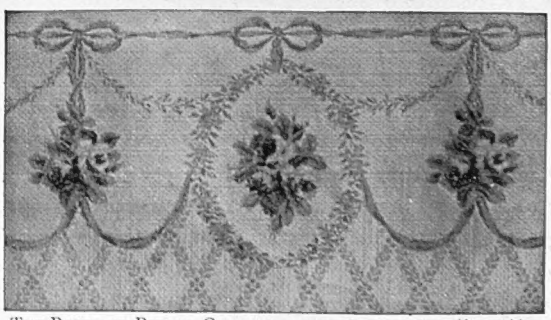
ART WALL PAPERS



The Rose and Riband Crown Frieze. 6d. per yd., 10½ins. wide.
The "Lyttleton" Frilling. 1/6 per piece, 12 yds. long.

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WEST END SHOW ROOM, 495, OXFORD STREET, W.

AT THE 'VARSITIES

LACROSSE PROSPECTS, BILLIARDS, AND ATHLETICS

Lacrosse

The eighth annual lacrosse match takes place to-morrow, at Cambridge this year, and everything points to a strenuous fight for victory. At the very commencement of the season the Oxford XII. gave unmistakable promise of developing into a really fine side, which promise has now been amply fulfilled, and they will enter the field as perhaps the very best representative team the Dark Blues have ever possessed. In saying this one is not forgetting that side of two years ago which reached the final of the Southern Flag Tournament, for in attack I should say the present team is superior to that of 1908, which beat Cambridge by 10 goals to 5, whilst in defence it is probably quite as good. Adamson is the star performer, and in his present form there are few English lacrosse players capable of holding him. Of the other members of the team Macdonnell, the captain, Davies, and Dart are, perhaps, the most prominent.

The Cambridge Side

Cambridge are also a very useful side this year, and, despite lack of Michaelmas term practice, have run into form in surprising fashion. The brothers Holloway, Pyman, Pinkham, Fiddian, and Williamson are notable members of the team. Everything points to an even and high-scoring game. Both attacks are strong, both defences relatively weak, both goalkeepers are good, though here Oxford seems to have a distinct advantage.

Billiards

Before passing on to discuss the standard of athletics I would make a few remarks on billiards, crowded out a week ago. Present indications are that Cambridge, who won last year at Oxford by two games to one, will again prove successful on this occasion, for besides having a number of good players in residence, they have the additional advantage of playing on their own tables. The Light Blues' strength may be inferred from the fact that although all three men who represented Cambridge so successfully last year are again in residence, two of them, Morton Ogden and Smith, are likely to be displaced on this occasion, the probable three being Messrs. D. O. Pawson (Trinity Hall), A. D. McLaren (Downing), and G. B. Bennett (Christ's). The former, who won both the 'Varsity Handicap and the Cue, and played first string against Oxford last year, should again fill this position. He is now playing much better than a year ago. Mr. McLaren is probably quite as good as Mr. Pawson, and possesses a finer touch, but "nerves" let him down badly in important matches. His best game is at the top of the table. Mr. Bennett is a Freshman and a player much after Mr. McLaren's style. Oxford, in Messrs. R. Lall (Wadham) and J. O. Turnbull (Exeter) have still available two of last year's representatives, and these two, with, perhaps, the Hon. R. Legh (Magdalen), may play for the Dark Blues.

Standard of 'Varsity Athletics

A correspondent having asked my views on the standard of 'Varsity athletics must be content with a very brief statement. To go straight to the crucial point. That there is no evidence of any falling off—save in interest at the 'Varsities—the various records and the dates of their achievement seem to show clearly. Looking into the matter, I find that out of nine events—the Half-Mile is put out of our calculation as it was not introduced before 1899—the records in four of them have been achieved within the last decade, these being: Mile (4min. 17 4-5th sec., in 1905), Hurdles (15 3-5th sec., in 1907), Hammer (148ft. 10in., in 1909), and Weight (43ft. 10in., in 1902). This scarcely suggests deterioration.

R. C. R.

The Menu: SOME ENTRÉES OF VEAL AND CHICKEN

Braised or Stewed Veal

Neatly trim a nice piece of fillet of veal, and put it into a deep casserole dish with some slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste; lay the veal in the middle, and moisten it with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours in the oven, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, put it into a small saucepan, thicken it with butter smoothly mixed with a small quantity of flour, and when it has boiled up pour it over the veal and send to table in the casserole.

Rolled Veal with Macaroni or Spaghetti

Remove any bone from 2lb. or 3lb. of veal cutlet and place it on a board and press flat. Take 2oz. of chopped bacon, 3oz. of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, with mixed sweet herbs, pepper, and salt. Blend all together, and bind with a well-beaten egg, then spread over the veal, roll it, bind firmly down with tape, if necessary sewing the edge down. Place 2oz. of butter in a saucepan, put in the veal, rubbed over thickly with flour, and when it is browned all round, add a teacupful of water, and stew very slowly for two hours. Boil 4oz. of macaroni or spaghetti, drain dry, and then stew for twenty minutes in a thick gravy. If this dish is wanted for an entrée, cut the veal in slices of half an inch thick, put it into a silver entrée-dish, and make a border round it of the macaroni or spaghetti. The gravy should be seasoned and served in a tureen.

Blanquettes of Veal or Chicken

Melt 2oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in one heaped dessertspoonful of flour, but do not let it brown, add half a pint of hot white stock or milk, by degrees, stirring well all the time. When it boils, put in the veal or chicken, the former cut into rounds not larger than a crown-piece, season, add a little chopped parsley and lemon-peel, and let it stew gently for an hour. Dish the meat in the centre of a small hot dish, beat up two eggs with a little lemon-juice and cream, and add a spoonful of the gravy, then stir it into the rest of the gravy, stir over the fire, but do not let it boil or it will curdle, and pour over the the veal. Garnish with a border of sliced tomatoes or a purée of spinach. This recipe is intended for veal that has been cooked, and makes a delicious réchauffé.

Escalloppe de Veau au Madère

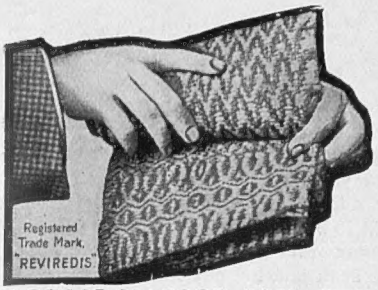
Procure a piece of the fillet of veal (the part under the loin is most tender), cut in slices, and beat them very thin with a cutlet-bat, fry until a nice colour in a little butter, and when the cutlets are sufficiently cooked add some Sauce à l'Italienne, and simmer altogether for a few minutes.

Sauce à l'Italienne.—Simmer a lump of butter in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful each of chopped onion or shallot, minced mushroom, tomato, and a bay-leaf. Add half a tumbler of white wine. When the sauce is reduced, add half a tumbler of tomato sauce and the same of stock or gravy. Simmer the cutlets in this for a few minutes. Dish up and serve.

Stewed Chicken with Olives

Cut a plump chicken into joints, fry them in olive oil in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil and add a minced shallot; let cook a little, then moisten with some brown stock and well-seasoned sauce. Cover the pan and stew for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives, and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Emilia.



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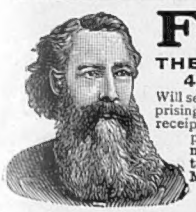

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Our Latest smart shapes now produce a rather smaller waist, with long slender lines over the hips, and a straight front and back effect.

I.C à la Perséphone "MORVILLE."

as illustrated, shows the extreme depth below the waist, both at the back and in the front, which is the feature of this model. The extra depth is formed by an extension of the material only, to insure comfort; the boning stopping short at the usual depth.

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The Editor's Box

London Hippodrome

There is an excellent programme at the Hippodrome just now. Mr. Lewis Waller is still appearing in the strong monologue, entitled "Fortune's Fool," while Miss Winifred Emery and Company play a really amusing sketch by James Bernard Fagan, called "The Dressing-Room." Miss Emery acts extremely cleverly, and the work of J. Loring Ferné as the old *roué*, Lord Cuddlem, is quite brilliant. A most enjoyable number is the sketch, "Waltzing Mad," presented by Chretienni and Louisette, Dutch entertainers. There are many other excellent items. It is a pleasant experience to crack up a programme right through, but there is literally not a dull or poor number in the bill.

Shakespeare Theatre

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch is the attraction at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham Junction, this week. The company is the principal London one, and as this is the only suburban theatre which it visits this spring, those who have not already made an acquaintance with the philosophical old lady, should not miss this opportunity.

A Delicious Tonic Wine

I hate tonics of all sorts and descriptions. At least, I always have done so up till quite recently, when I tried Mariani tonic wine, which has a really delicious flavour. And all the time one is enjoying a glass of this port-like wine, one has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that one is dosing oneself with a very fine tonic restorative. Mariani Wine is good for almost any ailment, and it has been recommended by 8,500 physicians, who recognise in it a restorative and stimulant of the highest order. It is specially effective in cases of dyspepsia, overwork, general debility, melancholia, nervous troubles, and all cases of mental and physical breakdown. The price is 4*s.* per bottle, from chemists and stores, or post free from Wilcox and Co., 49, Haymarket, S.W.

New Roller-Skating Rink

Rinkers in the Maida Vale and St. John's Wood district will be pleased to hear of the opening by the Mayor of Paddington of a large and elaborate roller-skating rink in their locality on the 19th ult. The rink occupies the whole of the one side of Delaware Road, which can be easily approached from either Elgin or Sutherland Avenues. Judging from the large assemblage of skaters and spectators on the opening day there is no doubt that this rink will eventually fully justify the great expense and unsparing pains to which the management have gone in constructing it. A large and efficient band is bound to add considerably to the popularity of any roller-skating hall, and in this particular the Maida Vale rink is undoubtedly a success.

"The Green Book"

Whitaker is shortly publishing a directory of London Society called "The Green Book." It is a one-line alphabetical directory, combining the essentials of all other works of reference, and is edited by Douglas Sladen and "W. Wigmore." The price is 5*s.*

Improved Service to the South of Germany and Trieste

On and after May 1 the service *viâ* Harwich and the Hook of Holland will be greatly accelerated. Passengers, for instance, for Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Munich will arrive much earlier than hitherto, and through carriages will be run to these towns among others. Passengers for Trieste will be due to arrive at Munich 10.21 p.m., which will enable them to leave the same evening for Trieste, arriving there the following morning. The services from the towns above mentioned to England will also be improved.

Dangers of Beeswax

At an inquest held at Westminster recently on the death of a cook, evidence was given that a pot of beeswax caught alight, and that deceased received her injuries in attempting to extinguish it. In returning a verdict of accidental death the jury added a rider that greater care ought to be taken in future in the use of beeswax and turpentine. It might have been pointed out that there is no need for the use of such a mixture at all, as the well-known floor polish, Ronuk, is vastly superior to beeswax and turpentine, is cheaper, gives better results, and is entirely free from all danger, no melting, of course, being required.

An Acknowledgment

The portraits of the Hon. Alina Elaine Jenkins and Miss Stephanie Bell, which appeared in our issue of February 16, were by Messrs. Bassano.

New Route to Birmingham

The approaching completion of the new line between Ashendon and Aynho will bring to fruition the great scheme the Great Western Railway Company has for shortening the distance by their route from London to Birmingham, the Midland and Northern Counties. The opening of the new line between Acton and Wycombe in 1906 saw the completion of the first portion of this great time-saving scheme, and, with the inauguration of services over the line now announced as being nearly ready for opening, another enterprise of the Great Western Railway Company will have been brought to completion. The present proposal is to open the line for local passenger traffic in May, goods in June, and in July for express passenger trains.

Karswood Creosote

Catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, colds, whooping cough, etc., are immediately cured by a few drops of Karswood Creosote on your handkerchief and pillow at night. 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, sprinkler top bottles. —E. G. Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

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